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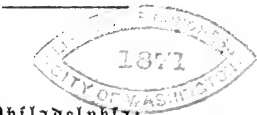
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YOUNG LADY'S

BOOK OF POETRY.

THE
YOUNG LADY'S BOOK
10
OF
ELEGANT POETRY;
COMPRISING
SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS
OF
BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK."



Philadelphia:

KEY & BIDDLE, 23 MINOR STREET.

.....
1835.

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PREFACE.

IN making a collection of elegant extracts for the use of Young Ladies, the author has endeavoured to adhere to the following principles :

In the first place, he has sought for such pieces as possessed a high character of moral beauty and refinement, conveying, in general, some direct lesson of truth illustrative of the duties which we owe to our Creator, our neighbour, or ourselves ; or descriptive of the wonders displayed in the works of creation.

In the next place, he has endeavoured to present fair specimens of the Classical Poets of our language, such as display the peculiarities of their style of thought and expression.

Thirdly, it has been his design to offer such pieces as seem to have some peculiar fitness for the perusal of young ladies, illustrating those principles and objects in

which they may be supposed to take a particular interest ; or as affording specimens of the poetical powers of female votaries of the muses.

Fourthly, it has been his aim to form in his young readers, a delicate and correct taste, conformed to an elevated standard of morals and poetry ; and to inspire a decided predilection for what is truly and intrinsically beautiful in art and in nature.

Lastly, he has sought to render the volume, as a whole, a suitable present for a daughter, a sister, or a valued friend, in whose welfare, both here and hereafter, the donor feels a strong interest.

No one, it is presumed, will deny that such a volume was a desideratum. How far the author has succeeded in carrying out these principles, he leaves it to an impartial public to decide.

PHILADELPHIA, *June*, 1835.

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YOUNG LADY'S BOOK OF POETRY.

EXTRACT FROM COMUS.

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers ; yet oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phæbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thought ; 't is likeliest
They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,

That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity;
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-born nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

MILTON.

SLEEP.

O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

SHAKSPEARE.

THE

LOVELINESS OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

[From the "Fall of Jerusalem."]

Javan. Oh! farewell then
 The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless dream,
 That Miriam loves me!

Miriam. Love thee! I am here,
 Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,

Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless
As that which the instinctive infant twines
To its mother's bosom—Love thee! when the sounds
Of massacre are round me, when the shouts
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul
With their importunate and jarring din,
Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.
Our famish'd maidens gaze on me, and see
That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,
With lips as parch'd and eyes as wild, yet I
Sit patient with an enviable smile
On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts.
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.
My very prayers are full of thee, I look
To heaven and bless thee; for from them I learnt
The way by which we reach the eternal mansions.
But thou, injurious Javan! coldly doubttest.
And—Oh! but I have said too much. Oh! scorn not
The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to utter
What yet she scarce dared whisper to herself.

Javan. Will it then cease! will it not always sound
Sweet, musical as thus? and wilt thou leave me?

Miriam My father!

Javan. Miriam! is not thy father
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a stock!)
The curse of Israel? even his common name
Simon the assassin! of the bloody men
That hold their iron sway within yon city,
The bloodiest!

Miriam. O cease, I pray thee cease!
Javan! I know that all men hate my father!
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
The forfeited affection of his kind.
Is it not written so in our Law? and He
We worship came not to destroy the Law.
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,

I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

Javan. Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art has thou
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole purpose,
The enamouring one even now too much enamour'd!
I must admire thee more for so denying,
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now
Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity
Flying me, leaving me without a joy,
Without a hope on earth, without thyself;
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul
Had smiled on me a passionate consent.
Go; for I see thy parting homeward look,
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.
Go! if this dark and miserable earth
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
MILMAN.

HARMONY.

EFTSOONS they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,

Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard was it for wight that did it heare,

To read what manner musick that mote be:
For all that pleasing is to living eare

Was there consorted in one harmonic,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyce attemp'ed sweet;

The angel call soft trembling voyces made
To the instruments divine response meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet

With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,
 The gently warbling wind lowe answering to all,
SPENSER.

SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.
 Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.
 Small is the worth
 Of beauty, from the light retir'd ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.
 Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!
WALLER.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath

The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and couldst know
No motive but my bliss ; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life or death is equal ; neither weighs ;
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

YOUNG.

BELINDA.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
'Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths, around her shone ;
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those ;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide their faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

POPE.

THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs ;

Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring ;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil :
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind ;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 't is, bestows it where it wants ;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us, no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
'Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost.
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.

DENHAM.

* The Forest.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May
Half prankt with spring, with summer half im-
brown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flow'ry beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen ;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purpling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or Stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood :
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
move,
As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood ;

And up the hills on either side a wood
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
 to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsied it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eyes ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky ;
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh,
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night :
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd ; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labour harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.
THOMSON.

THE WEARISOMENESS

OF WHAT IS COMMONLY CALLED A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, where no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears ;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
 It is the constant revolution, stale

And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged to the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them! No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs

For property stript off by cruel chance ;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pains,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.
COWPER.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-rais'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
'The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow :
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;
E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combin'd
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the north,
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt, the flame ;—
Oh need I tell that passion's name !

SCOTT.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray rocks ; this household lawn ;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;

This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth, together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream :
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
I neither know thee nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ·
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here, scatter'd like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrass'd look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness ;
'Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread !
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred !
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful !

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, any thing to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then, why should I be loath to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
And thee, the spirit of them all !

WORDSWORTH.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms !
It gleams above the ruin'd tower,
Like sunlight over tombs ;

It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of Time ;—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray ruin's golden crown!
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decay'd;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
Where, in war's stormy day,
The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
In battle's grim array:
The clangour of the field is fled,
The beacon on the hill
No more through midnight blazes red—
But thou art blooming still!

Whither hath fled the choral band
That fill'd the abbey's nave?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze!
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower!
 Thou conjurest up to me
 Full many a soft and sunny hour
 Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
 When joy from out the daisies grew,
 In woodland pastures green,
 And summer skies were far more blue
 Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
 Amid the yellow bowers,
 The robin is the regal bird,
 And thou the Queen of Flowers!
 He sings on the laburnum trees,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
 Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
 The rose is summer's guest;
 Bland are thy charms when these decay,
 Of flowers, first, last, and best!
 There may be gaudier on the bower,
 And statelier on the tree,
 But wall-flower, loved wall flower,
 Thou art the flower for me!

DELTA

THOUGHT IN A BALL-ROOM.

THE room is like the heaven of eve,
 When round th' horizon seems to weave
 A sea of clouds, whose bosoms heave
 In floating beauty there.

Those fleecy phantoms—how they glide
 In all the quietude of pride,
 Moved by the gales of eventide
 Along the sleeping flowers.!

Some crimson-edged, resplendent sail,
Some girdled with a ruby veil,
And others glowing brightly pale,
In plenitude of ease :

And so smiles now this rose-wreath'd room,
Where float along in braid and plume,
With cheeks that blush with virgin bloom,
The maidens of the night.

And yonder trips a blue-eyed troop,
Serenely tender, how they droop,
As graceful as a lily group
All languid with their bloom !

And near them glides a gentle pair
That toss their grape-like clustering hair,
As if their very ringlets were
Partakers of their joy.

Upon each cheek the blood-stream warms,
While tintured with their Paphian charms,
The maidens twine their ivory arms
And circle through the dance.

Like sunshine shivering on the lake,
Their feet with dizzy motion shake,
And down the dance their steps they take,
With heart-beams in their eye.

Then why amid the heaven of joy
Should dreams of dark'ning woe annoy,
Or thoughts of gloominess alloy
The elysium of the hour ?

Alas ! the scene will swiftly fade,
The music cease—depart the maid,
And chill-eyed day the room invade
With cold condemning cares

Some hearts will pine, and some will weep,
 And many in their graves will sleep,
 And every eye shall sorrow steep,
 Ere we meet here again!

A thought like this will often swell
 In gloom, upon each gladdening spell,
 And thrill me, like the faint "farewell!"
 In pleasure's wildest hour.

ANON.

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

"On with the cohorts,—on! A darkening cloud
 Of Cossack lances hovers o'er the heights;
 And hark!—the Russian thunder on the rear
 Thins the retreating ranks."

The haggard French,
 Like summon'd spectres, facing toward their foes,
 And goading on the lean and dying steeds
 That totter 'neath their huge artillery,
 Give desperate battle. Wrapt in volumed smoke
 A dense and motley mass of hurried forms
 Rush toward the Beresina. Soldiers mix
 Undisciplined amid the feebler throng,
 While from the rough ravines the rumbling cars
 That bear the sick and wounded, with the spoils,
 Torn rashly from red Moscow's sea of flame,
 Line the steep banks. Chill'd with the endless shade
 Of black pine-forests, where unslumbering winds
 Make bitter music—every heart is sick
 For the warm breath of its far, native vales,
 Vine-clad and beautiful. Pale, meagre hands
 Stretch'd forth in eager misery, implore
 Quick passage o'er the flood. But there it rolls,
 'Neath its ice-curtain, horrible and hoarse,
 A fatal barrier 'gainst its country's foes.
 The combat deepens. Lo! in one broad flash
 The Russian sabre gleams, and the wild hoof
 Treads out despairing life.

With maniac haste

They throng the bridge, those fugitives of France,
Reckless of all, save that last, desperate chance—
Rush, struggle, strive, the powerful thrust the weak,
And crush the dying.

Hark! a thundering crash,

A cry of horror! Down the broken bridge
Sinks, and the wretched multitude plunge deep
'Neath the devouring tide. That piercing shriek
With which they took their farewell of the sky
Did haunt the living, as some doleful ghost
Troubleth the fever-dream. Some for a while,
With ice and death contending, sink and rise,
While some in wilder agony essay
To hold their footing on that tossing mass
Of miserable life, making their path
O'er palpitating bosoms. 'Tis in vain!
The keen pang passes, and the satiate flood
Shuts silent o'er its prey.

The sever'd host

Stand gazing on each shore. The gulf—the dead
Forbid their union. One sad throng is warn'd
To Russia's dungeons, one with shivering haste
Spread o'er the wild, through toil and pain to hew
Their many roads to death. From desert plains,
From sack'd and solitary villages
Gaunt Famine springs to seize them; Winter's wrath
Unresting day or night, with blast and storm,
And one eternal magazine of frost,
Smites the astonish'd victims.

God of Heaven!

Warrest *thou* with France, that thus thine elements
Do fight against her sons! Yet on they press,
Stern, rigid, silent—every bosom steel'd
By the strong might of its own misery
Against all sympathy of kindred ties.
The brother on his fainting brother treads—
Friend tears from friend the garment and the bread—

That last, scant morsel, which his quivering lip
 Hoards in its death-pang. Round the midnight fires,
 That fiercely through the startled forest blaze,
 The dreaming shadows gather, madly pleased
 To bask, and scorch, and perish—with their limbs
 Crisp'd like the martyr's, and their heads fast seal'd
 To the frost-pillow of their fearful rest.

Turn back, turn back, thou fur-clad emperor,
 Thus towards the palace of the Thuilleries
 Flying with breathless speed. Yon meagre forms,
 Yon breathing skeletons, with tatter'd robes
 And bare and bleeding feet, and matted locks,
 Are these the high and haughty troops of France,
 The buoyant conscripts, who from their blest homes
 Went gaily at thy bidding? When the cry
 Of weeping love demands her cherish'd ones,
 The nursed upon the breast—the idol-gods
 Of her deep worship—wilt thou coldly point
 The Beresina—the drear hospital,
 The frequent snow-mound on the unshelter'd march,
 Where the lost soldier sleeps!

O War! War! War!

Thou false baptized, who by thy vaunted name
 Of glory stealest o'er the ear of man
 To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,
 Disrobed of pomp and circumstance, stand forth,
 And show thy written league with sin and death.
 Yes, ere ambition's heart is sear'd and sold,
 And desolated, bid him mark thine end
 And count thy wages.

The proud victor's plume,
 The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath
 Of blood-dash'd laurel—what will these avail
 The spirit parting from material things?
 One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,
 Borne, dove-like, o'er the waste and warring earth,
 Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth ?
Does human blood with life embue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair ?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death ;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent ;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream ?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence !
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love,
Thoughts from the living world intrude
E'en on her deepest solitude :
But, lovely child ! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;
Glad would they be their child to own !
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home would'st live !
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine !"
In time thou would'st become the same
As their own child,—all but the name !

How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee !
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first spoken words were heard,
Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast !
And for thy smile !—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I call'd thee duteous ; am I wrong ?
No ! truth, I feel, is in my song :
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love !
To God !—for thou a harmless child
Hast kept his temple undefiled :
To Nature !—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries :
To Love !—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee !
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams !

Oh ! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy !
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring !
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye ?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim ?

PROFESSOR WILSON.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life ;
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth
But perish'd young, like things of earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;

Like Brutus 'midst his slumbering host
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole ;
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is our time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign,
To parting friends :—such death be mine !

MONTGOMERY.

THE FROSTED TREES.

WHAT strange enchantment meets my view,
So wondrous bright and fair ?
Has heaven pour'd out its silver dew
On the rejoicing air ?
Or am I borne to regions new
To see the glories there ?

Last eve when sunset fill'd the sky
With wreaths of golden light,
The trees sent up their arms on high,
All leafless to the sight,
And sleepy mists came down to lie
On the dark breast of night.

But now the scene is changed, and all
Is fancifully new ;
The trees, last eve so straight and tall,
Are bending on the view,
And streams of living daylight fall
The silvery arches through.

The boughs are strung with glittering pearls,
As dewdrops bright and bland,
And there they gleam in silvery curls,
Like gems of Samarcand,
Seeming in wild fantastic whirls
The work of fairy land.

Each branch stoops meekly with the weight,
And in the light breeze swerves,
As if some viewless angel sate
Upon its graceful curves,
And made the fibres spring elate,
Thrilling the secret nerves.

Oh ! I could dream the robe of heaven,
Pure as the dazzling snow,
Beaming as when to spirits given,
Had come in its stealthy flow,
From the sky at silent even,
For the morning's glorious show.

ANON.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,

And of broken blades breathing their balm ;
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
 Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell :
 I thought it delightful your beauties to find
 When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
 What loved little islands, twice seen in the lakes
 Can the wild water-lily restore !
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks ;
 What pictures of pebbles and minnowy brooks,
 In the vetches that tangle the shore !

Earth's cultureless buds ! to my heart ye were dear,
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I SAW her in the morn of hope, in life's delicious
 spring,
 A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the
 wing ;
 Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
 Without a shadow in its path,—a cloud upon its sky.

I see her yet—so fancy deems—her soft, unbraided
 hair,
 Gleaming, like sunlight upon snow, above her fore-
 head fair ;—

Her large dark eyes, of changing light, the winning
smile that play'd,
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's
self had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her
way,
Nor dream'd the flowers that round her bloom'd
would ever know decay ;—
She had no winter in her note, but evermore would
sing
(What darker season had she proved?) of spring—of
only spring!

Alas, alas, that hopes like hers, so gentle and so
bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward
hour should blight ;—
Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant
brow o'ercast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of
the past!

Years came and went—we met again,—but what a
change was there!
The glossy calmness of the eye, that whisper'd of
despair ;—
The fitful flushing of the cheek,—the lips compress'd
and thin,—
The clench of the attenuate hands,—proclaim'd the
strife within!

Yet, for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying
power had given
Beauty, of more than mortal birth,—a spell that
breathed of heaven ;—
And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the
chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd
to glow!

No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour
 was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betray'd, and plighted
 pledges broken ;—
Like Him who for his murderers pray'd,—she wept,
 but did not chide,
And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died !
Thus, thus, too oft the traitor man repays fond
 woman's truth ;
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of
 her youth :
And sad it is, in griefs like these, o'er visions loved
 and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart must always
 suffer most !

A. A. WATTS.

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly ?

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First call'd thee his, or squire or hind ?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find !

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
 'Tis infantine coquetry all !

But far afield thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token !

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
 A mimic warfare with me waging,
 To make, as wily lovers do,
 Thy after kindness more engaging !

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
 And new-cropp'd daisies, are thy treasure ;
 I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
 To taste again thy youthful pleasure !

But yet, for all thy merry look,
 Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
 When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
 The weary spell or hornbook thumbing !

Well ; let it be ! through weal and woe,
 Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
 Life is a motley shifting show,
 And thou a thing of hope and change !
MISS BAILLIE.

POETRY.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air
 Is living with its spirit ; and the waves
 Dance to the music of its melodies,
 And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd
 And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,
 That close the universe with crystal in,
 Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
 The unseen glories of immensity,
 In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
 For aught but beings of celestial mould,
 And speak to man in one eternal hymn
 Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
 For ever charming, and for ever new ;
 Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
 The mournful and the tender, in one strain,

Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms ;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array ;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

J. G. PERCIVAL

MODERN GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the line where beauty lingers,)
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
'The rapture of repose that's there,
'The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it would impart
The doom he dreads yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That line which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams but warms no more its cherished earth!

BYRON.

AN EXHIBITION OF A SCHOOL OF
YOUNG LADIES.

How fair upon the admiring sight,
In Learning's sacred fane,
With cheek of bloom, and robe of white,
Glide on yon graceful train!
Blest creatures! to whose gentle eye
Earth's gilded gifts are new,
Ye know not that distrustful sigh
Which deems its vows untrue.

There is a bubble on your cup
By buoyant fancy nurst,
How high its sparkling foam leaps up!
Ye do not think't will burst:
And be it far from me to fling
On budding joys a blight,
Or darkly spread a raven's wing
To shade a path so bright.

There twines a wreath around your brow,
Blent with the sunny braid,
Love lends its flowers a radiant glow,
Ye do not think't will fade;
And yet 't were safer there to bind
That plant of changeless die,
Whose root is in the lowly mind,
Whose blossom in the sky.

Yet who o'er Beauty's form can hang
Nor think how future years
May bring stern sorrow's speechless pang,
Or Disappointment's tears,
Unceasing toil, unpitied care,
Cold treachery's serpent moan,
Ills that the tender heart must bear,
Unanswering and alone!

But as the frail and fragrant flower,
 Crush'd by the sweeping blast,
 Doth even in death an essence pour,
 The sweetest and the last,
 So woman's deep, enduring love,
 Which nothing can appal,
 Her steadfast faith, that looks above
 For rest, can conquer all.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

THE rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
 What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
 A Briton's independence taught to seek
 Far western worlds; and there his household fire
 The light of social love did long inspire,
 And many a halcyon day he lived to see
 Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
 When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
 Was gone—and Gertrude claim'd a widow'd father's
 knee:—

A loved bequest,—and I may half impart,
 To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
 How like a new existence to his heart
 That living flow'r uprose beneath his eye,
 Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
 From hours when she would round his garden play;
 To time when, as the rip'ning years went by,
 Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
 And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
 (Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
 The orison repeated in his arms,
 For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
 The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,

Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone,
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer
shone.

CAMPBELL.

SONG.

I LIKE not beauty's roseate brightness ;
I like not beauty's sparkling eye :
Give me the cheek whose marble whiteness
Feeling's faint blush alone can dye ;
Give me the pure and tranquil glance
Where no vain triumphs proudly dance,
Serene and blue as heaven's expanse ;—
Thy cheeks, thine eyes, my Mary !

I like not lips for ever smiling ;
I like not speech for ever gay :
Give me the softness more beguiling
Which gently veils wit's brilliant ray ;
Give me the mellow voice that tells
What sweetness in the bosom dwells ;
The sigh that oft that bosom swells ;—
Thy voice, thy sigh, my Mary !

MISS MITFORD.

WINTER.

SEE wither'd Winter bending low his head ;
His ragged locks stiff with the hoary dew ;
His eyes, like frozen lakes, of livid hue ;
His train a sable cloud, with murky red
Streak'd.—Ah ! behold his nitrous breathings shed
Petrific death ! Lean, waleful birds pursue,
On as he sweeps o'er the dun lonely moor,
Amid the battling blasts of all the winds
That, while their sleet the climbing sailor blinds,
Lash the white surges to the sounding shore.

So comest thou, Winter, finally to doom
 The sinking year; and with thy ice-dropp'd sprays,
 Cypress and yew, engarland her pale tomb,
 Her vanish'd hopes and aye departed days.

ANNA SEWARD.

SUMMER.

Now on hills, rocks, and streams and vales and plains
 Full looks the shining day.—Our gardens wear
 The gorgeous robes of the consummate year.
 With laugh and shout and song, stout maids and
 swains
 Heap high the fragrant hay, as through rough lanes
 Rings the yet empty wagon.—See in air
 The pendent cherries, red with tempting stains,
 Gleam through their boughs.—Summer, thy bright
 career
 Must slacken soon in Autumn's milder sway;
 Then thy now heap'd and jocund meads shall stand
 Smooth, vacant—silent, through th' exulting land
 As waves thy rival's golden fields, and gay
 Her reapers throng. She smiles, and binds the
 sheaves,
 Then bends her parting step o'er fallen and rust-
 ling leaves.

ANNA SEWARD.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
 Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
 Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
 Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!
 The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil
 nor spin;"
 Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;

No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more
bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd with
light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never
pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to
all!—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy,
blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may
freely share.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no
heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light
away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "would God that
it were day!"

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's
breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from de-
cay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!
MISS BOWLES.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the
shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-
hood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but cold Novem-
ber rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the sum-
mer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the
wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn
beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls
the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from
upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still
such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their win-
ter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fra-
grance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
 died,
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by
 my side :
 In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest
 cast the leaf,
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
 so brief ;
 Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young
 friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
 flowers.

BRYANT.

Note.—We have placed the two preceding specimens of foreign and native poetry, on the same subject, together, that the reader may draw a fair comparison between them.

SONNET.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care
 (Though young yet sorrowful), I turn my feet
 To the dark woodland,—longing much to greet
 The form of Peace, if chance she sojourns there,—
 Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
 Fills my sad breast : and tired with this vain coil
 I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil,
 And as amid the leaves the evening air
 Whispers still melody, I think, ere long,
 When I no more can hear, these woods will speak !
 And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
 And mournful phantasies upon me throng :
 And I do think with a most strange delight
 On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

H. K. WHITE.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead! .
And if 'tis true what holy men have said
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
O, let th' aerial music round my bed
Dissolving slow in dying symphony
Whisper the solemn warning to my ear:
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.
H. K. WHITE.

EVENING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,
Were heard among the angels, touch'd and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices. Louder as they swell'd,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mix'd with clear silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellow'd bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.
HILLHOUSE.

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind;—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echoes of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men,
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet, 't is not as the dead
'That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth,
Thy locks of waving gold,
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
'The prattle kind and free,
'Thou uttered'st in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ANON.

SONG.

FLY to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowing in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come,—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree;
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy very glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under-ground,
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place ;—

Then, fare thee well,—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine.

MOORE.

THE SNOW.

THE snow ! the snow !—'t is a pleasant thing
To watch it falling, falling
Down upon earth with noiseless wing
As at some spirit's calling ;
Each flake is a fairy parachute,
From teeming clouds let down,
And earth is still, and air is mute,
As frost's enchanted zone.

The snow ! the snow !—behold the trees
Their fingery boughs stretch out,
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
As they duck and dive about :
The bare hills plead for a covering,
And, ere the gray twilight,
Around their shoulders broad shall cling
An arctic cloak of white.

The snow! the snow!—alas! to me
It speaks of far-off days,
When a boyish skater, mingling free
Amid the merry maze:
Methinks I see the broad ice still;
And my nerves all jangling feel,
Blending with tones of voices shrill
The ring of the slider's heel.

The snow! the snow!—soon dusky night
Drew his murky curtains round
Low earth, while a star of lustre bright
Peep'd from the blue profound.
Yet what cared we for dark'ning lea,
Or warning bell remote?
With shout and cry we scudded by,
And found the bliss we sought.

The snow! the snow!—'t was ours to wage,
How oft, a mimic war,
Each white ball tossing in wild rage,
That left a gorgeous scar:
While doublets dark were powder'd o'er,
Till darkness none could find,
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,
And caitiff chiefs behind.

The snow! the snow!—I see him yet,
That piled-up giant grim,
To startle horse and traveller set,
With Titan girth of limb.
We hoped, oh, ice-ribb'd Winter bright!
Thy sceptre could have screen'd him;
But traitor Thaw stole forth by night,
And cruelly guillotined him!

The snow! the snow!—Lo! Eve reveals
Her starr'd map to the moon,
And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of noon:

The fur-robed genii of the Pole
Dance o'er our mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light,

The snow ! the snow !—It brings to mind
A thousand happy things,
And but one sad one—'t is to find
Too sure that Time hath wings !
Oh ! ever sweet is sight or sound
That tells of long ago ;
And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,
Upon the falling snow.

MOIR.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK ! 't is the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks ;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back :
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings ; his one concern,
Is to conduct him to the destined inn ;
And, having dropp'd the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful, messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
'To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks ;
Births, deaths, and marriages ; epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill ;
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,

Or nymphs responsive ; equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh ! the important budget ! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music ; who can say
What are its tidings ? Have our troops awak'd ?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such is evening, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage :
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage ;
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work !
Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break :—
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;

He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims, at least, this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age ;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald ;
Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets ;
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs :
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto with his hair on end
At his own wonders—wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns, submitted to my view ; turns round,
With all its generations : I behold

The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice, that make man a wolf to man ;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates ; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

COWPER.

THE SPRING.

THE Spring—she is a blessed thing !
She is the mother of the flowers ;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the wither'd leaves among.

To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is balm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wand'ring in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bow'd in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has open'd to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.
MRS. HOWITT.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old, mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,

Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
Most musical, most melancholy Bird !
A melancholy Bird ? Oh ! idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was
 pierced
With the resemblance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch ! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain :
And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful ! So his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing ! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature ! But 't will not be so ;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and thou, our Sister ! we have learnt
A different lore : we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night

Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music !

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales ; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug ;
And one, low piping, sounds more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day ! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and
full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides thro' the pathways ; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid ! and oft a moment's space,
What time the Moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the Moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept

An hundred airy harps ! And she hath watch'd
Many a Nightingale perch'd giddily,
On blos'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again ?
Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear
His little hand, the small fore-finger up,
And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star ; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood, (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot
And he beheld the Moon, and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam ! Well !—
It is a father's tale : but if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy ! Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale ! Once more, my friends, farewell.
COLERIDGE.

AN ITALIAN SUNSET.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seem to be

Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it
glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is gray.
BYRON.

THE ASPEN LEAF.

I WOULD not be
A leaf on yonder aspen tree;
In every fickle breeze to play,
Wildly, weakly, idly gay,
So feebly framed, so lightly hung,
By the wing of an insect stirr'd and swung;
Thrilling even to a redbreast's note,
Drooping if only a light mist float,

Brighten'd and dimm'd like a varying glass,
 As shadow or sunbeam chance to pass;—
 I would not be
 A leaf on yonder aspen tree.
 It is not because the autumn sere
 Would change my merry guise and cheer,—
 That soon, full soon, nor leaf, nor stem,
 Sunlight would gladden, or dewdrop gem,
 That I, with my fellows, must fall to earth,
 Forgotten our beauty and breezy mirth,
 Or else on the bough where all had grown,
 Must linger on, and linger alone;—
 Might life be an endless summer's day,
 And I be for ever green and gay,
 I would not be, I would not be,
 A leaf on yonder aspen tree!

Proudly spoken, heart of mine,
 Yet weakness and change perchance are thine,
 More, and darker and sadder to see,
 Than befall the leaves of yonder tree!
 What if they flutter—their life is a dance;
 Or toy with the sunbeam—they live in his glance;
 To bird, breeze, and insect rustle and thrill,
 Never the same, never mute, never still,—
 Emblems of all that is fickle and gay,
 But leaves in their birth, but leaves in decay—
 Chide them not—heed them not—spirit away!
 In to thyself, to thine own hidden shrine,
 What there dost thou worship? What deem'st thou
 divine?
 Thy hopes,—are they steadfast, and holy and high?
 Are they built on a rock? Are they raised to the
 sky?—
 Thy deep secret yearnings,—oh! whither point they,
 To the triumphs of earth, to the toys of a day?—
 Thy friendships and feelings,—doth impulse prevail,
 To make them, and mar them, as wind swells the
 sail?
 Thy life's ruling passion—thy being's first aim—
 What are they? and yield they contentment or shame?

Spirit, proud spirit, ponder thy state ;
If thine the leaf's lightness, not thine the leaf's fate :
It may flutter, and glisten, and wither, and die,
And heed not our pity, and ask not our sigh ;
But for thee, the immortal, no winter may throw
Eternal repose on thy joy, or thy woe ;
Thou must live, and live ever, in glory or gloom,
Beyond the world's precincts, beyond the dark tomb.
Look to thyself then, ere past is Hope's reign,
And looking and longing alike are in vain ;
Lest thou deem it a bliss to have been or to be
But a fluttering leaf on yon aspen tree !

MISS JEWSBURY.

SHALL A LIGHT WORD PART US?

WE have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade ;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within my heart,
A cloud is on my brow ;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together ;
We have laugh'd at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow ;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.

The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been *sad* together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

HON. MRS. NORTON.

IDLE WORDS.

I have a high sense of the virtue and dignity of the female character; and would not, by any means, be thought to attribute to the ladies emphatically, the fault here spoken of. But I have remarked it in some of my friends, who, in all but this, were among the loveliest of their sex. In such, the blemish is more distinct and striking, because so strongly contrasted with the superior delicacy and loveliness of their natures.

“MY GOD;” the beauty oft exclaim’d,
With deep impassion’d tone,—
But not in humble prayer she named
The High and holy One!

’T was not upon the bended knee,
With soul upraised to heaven,
Pleading with heartfelt agony,
That she might be forgiven.

’T was not in heavenly strains to raise
To the great Source of good
Her daily offering of praise,
Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
’Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of All.

She call'd upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the flush of triumph came—
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew
Names of the Holiest!

I thought—How sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
“My God, I worship only thee;
O, be my sins forgiven!”

ANON.

TO A SISTER.

YES, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around thy homage pay;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For many years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there.
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hush'd the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me.

Remember me—but, loveliest, ne'er,
When, in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's glowing charioteer
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;

But when the waning moon-beam sleeps
At moon-light on that lonely lea,
And nature's pensive spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;
But when the falling leaf is sear,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn weeps, remember me.

Remember me,—but choose not, dear,
The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling, to the margin break ;
But when the deaf'ning billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me—but not to join
If haply some thy friends should praise ;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine
To echo what the stranger says.
They know us not—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me—not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet,
The thought thy pleasure should alloy ;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me—but not as I
 On thee for ever, ever dwell,
 With anxious heart and drooping eye,
 And doubts 't would grieve thee should I tell;
 But in thy calm unclouded heart,
 Where dark and gloomy visions flee,
 Oh there, my sister, be my part,
 And kindly there remember me,
EDWARD EVERETT.

THE WRECK.

ALL night the booming minute-gun
 Had peal'd along the deep,
 And mournfully the rising sun
 Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
 A bark from India's coral strand,
 Before the rushing blast,
 Had vail'd her topsails to the sand,
 And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship! brave hearts had striven,
 And true ones died with her!
 We saw her mighty cable riven,
 Like floating gossamer;
 We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
 A star once o'er the seas,
 Her helm beat down, her deck uptorn,
 And sadder things than these.

We saw her treasures cast away;
 The rocks with pearl were strown:
 And, strangely sad, the ruby's ray
 Flash'd out o'er fretted stone;
 And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
 Like ashes by a breeze,
 And gorgeous robes—but, oh! that shore
 Had sadder sights than these!

We saw the strong man, still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside !
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died !
And near him on the sea-weed lay,
Till then we had not wept,
But well our gushing hearts might say,
That *there a mother* slept !

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet, long streamers clung,
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face,
Like slumbers, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye ;
He had known little of her dread,
Naught of her agony !

Oh, human love ! whose yearning heart,
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon thy mortal part
Its passionate adieu !
Surely thou hast another lot,
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, remembering not
The moaning of the sea !

MRS. HEMANS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

GROUP after group are gathering. Such as press'd
 Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently laid
 Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
 Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade,—
 Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
 And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
 Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
 And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
 Oft with a chasten'd glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
 Wan poverty hath done the work of care.
 Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis *your Father's house*,
 Beneath whose consecrated doom you are;
 More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
 And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
 And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,
 The "coat of many colours" proves *His* love,
 Whose sign is *in the heart*, and whose reward *above*.

And ye, bless'd labourers in this humble sphere,
 To deeds of saint-like charity inclined,
 Who, from your cells of meditation dear,
 Come forth to gird the weak, untutor'd mind,—
 Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
 Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,—
 Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
 The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
 A Sabbath without end, 'mid yon celestial plain.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

 VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,
 A young probationer of light,
 Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and slimes—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

And vice hath left his ugly blot,—
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly begun—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore, her backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed members—sense unknot—
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look,
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!

CHARLES LAMB.

A FATHER'S FAREWELL.

COME near to me, my gentle girl,
Come, share a father's parting sorrow,—
And weep with me those tears to-day,
Nor thou, nor I, may weep to-morrow.
Come, lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing,
For another day, and far away
Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

The wind blows fairly for the sea ;—

The white waves round thy bark are swelling,
Thy lover sighs, for the morn to rise,

And make thee a bride, my gentle Ellen :—
Yet closer, closer round me cling,

Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear,
'That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

Come, gaze on me, thou darling child,

My fairest and my fondest cherish'd,
That I may trace, in thy placid face,

Thy mother's beauty ere she perish'd.
And let me hear thy mother's song

Yet once more from thy sweet lip swelling,—
And none again shall sing that strain,
'The last song of my gentle Ellen.

And say, that when between us lie

Wide lands and many a mountain billow,
Thy heart will tend to thine earliest friend,
And think in prayer of his aged pillow.

For my head is white with winter snow,

No earthly sun away may carry,
Until I come to my waiting home,
'The last home where the aged tarry.

Then lean once more upon my breast,

As when a simple child caressing,
For another day, and far away

Wilt thou be from thy father's blessing.

Ay, closer, closer round me cling,

Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here, to reprove the tear
'That flows to-day for a father's sorrow.

MISS JEWSBURY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BRILLIANT and beautiful !—And can it be
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light—
Upon thy cheek no smile ?—I little deem'd
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice
Breath'd the soul's harmony, what shadowy form
Then rose between us, and with icy dart
Wrote, "*Ye shall meet no more !*" I little deem'd
That thy elastic step, Death's darken'd vale
Would tread before me.

Friend ! I shrink to say
Farewell to thee. In youth's unclouded morn
We gaze on friendship as a graceful flower,
And win it for our pleasure, or our pride.
But when the stern realities of life
Do clip the wings of fancy, and cold storms
Rack the worn cordage of the heart, it breathes
A healing essence, and a strengthening charm,
Next to the hope of heaven. Such was *thy love*,
Departed and deplored. Talents were thine
Lofty and bright, the subtle shaft of wit,
And that keen glance of intellect which reads,
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs
Of human action. Yet such meek regard
For others' feelings, such a simple grace
And singleness of purpose, such respect
To woman's noiseless duties, sweetly blent
And temper'd those high gifts, that every heart
That fear'd their splendour, loved their goodness too.
I see thy home of birth. Its pleasant halls
Put on the garb of mourning. Sad and lone
Are they who nursed thy virtues, and beheld
Their bright expansion through each rip'ning year.
To them the sacred name of *daughter* blent
All images of comforter and friend,
The fire-side charmer, and the nurse of pain,
Eyes to the blind, and, to the weary, wings.
What shall console their sorrow, when young morn

Upriseth in its beauty, but no smile
Of filial love doth mark it?—or when eve
Sinks down in silence, and that tuneful tone,
So long the treasure of their list'ning heart,
Uttereth no music?

Ah!—so frail are we—
So like the brief ephemeron that wheels
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep
Our own bereavements, ere we haste to share
The clay of those we mourn. A narrow point
Divides our grief-sob from our pang of death;
Down to the mould'ring multitude we go,
And all our anxious thoughts, our fever'd hopes,
The sorrowing burdens of our pilgrimage
In deep oblivion rest. Then let the woes
And joys of earth be to the deathless soul
Like the swept dew-drop from the eagle's wing,
When waking in his strength, he sunward soars.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestry,
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When Earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow showers

Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the East,
The gardens of the sun ;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run :
While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers ;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers !

WIFFEN.

BIRDS' NESTS.

SPRING is abroad ! the cuckoo's note
Floats o'er the flowery lea ;
Yet nothing of the mighty sea
Her welcome tones import :
Nothing of lands where she has been,
Of fortunes she has known ;
The joy of this remember'd scene
Breathes in her song alone.
No traveller she, whose vaunting boast
Tells of each fair but far-off coast :
She talks not here of eastern skies,
But of home and its pleasant memories.

Spring is abroad ! a thousand more
Sweet voices are around,
Which yesterday a farewell sound
Gave to some foreign shore ;
I know not where—it matters not ;
To-day their thoughts are bent,
To pitch, in some sequester'd spot,
Their secret summer tent ;
Hid from the glance of urchins' eyes,
Peering already for the prize ;
While daily, hourly intervene
The clustering leaves, a closer screen.

In bank, in bush, in hollow hole
High on the rocking tree,
On the gray cliffs that haughtily
The ocean waves control ;
Far in the solitary fen,
On heath, and mountain hoar,
Beyond the foot or fear of men,
Or by the cottage door ;
In grassy tuft, in ivy'd tower,
Where'er directs the instinctive power,
Or loves each jocund pair to dwell,
Is built the cone, or feathery cell.

Beautiful things ! than I, no boy
Your traces may discern,
Sparkling beneath the forest fern,
With livelier sense of joy :
I would not bear them from the nest,
To leave fond hearts regretting ;
But, like the soul screen'd in the breast,
Like gems in beauteous setting,
Amidst Spring's leafy, green array
I deem them ; and, from day to day,
Passing, I pause, to turn aside,
With joy, the boughs where they abide.

The mysteries of life's early day
Lay thick as summer dew,
Like it, they glitter'd and they flew,
With ardent youth away :
But not a charm of yours has faded,
Ye are full of marvel still.
Now jewels cold, and now pervaded
With heavenly fire, ye thrill
And kindle into life, and bear
Beauty and music through the air :
The embryos of a shell to-day ;
To-morrow, and—away ! away !

Methinks, even as I gaze, there springs
Life from each tinted cone ;

And wand'ring thought has onward flown
With speed-careering wings,
To lands, to summer lands afar,
To the mangrove, and the palm ;
To the region of each stranger star
Led by a blissful charm :
Like toys in beauty here they lay—
They are gone o'er the sounding ocean's spray ;
They are gone to bowers and skies more fair,
And have left us to our march of care.

W. HOWITT.

THE WAKENING.

How many thousands are wakening now !
Some to the songs from the forest-bough,
To the rustling leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid-sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some—oh ! well may *their* hearts rejoice,
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice ;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 't is gone.

And some in the camp, to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must, ere night, be won.

And some, in the gloomy convict-cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to the sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent-floods,
Far 'midst old mountains, and solemn woods.

So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our upspringing meet.

But ONE must the sound be, and ONE the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
ONE, though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs?

MRS. HEMANS.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd;
That sister of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends)
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who would but fain compress
A life into a day,
The last day spent with one
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

Oh, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those ;
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows ;
Tell me of change and death.

ANON.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT, that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they, who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to the birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to the murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

BRYANT.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the ev'ning fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,

Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight ;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure the roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide ;
Till, from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high :
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, thy feats repay :
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou takest thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur,

As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
All their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose ;
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire ;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page ;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee, on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways ;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

Whence hast thou then, thou witless Puss,
The magic power to charm us thus ?

Is it, that in thy glaring eye,
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tiger at his ruthless play?
Or is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricky, restless infancy?

MISS BAILLIE.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little-aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved, till life can charm no more ;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion,
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,
Presiding spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A life, a presence like the air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too bless'd with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,

Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My sight he dazzles, half deceives,
A bird so like the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

WORDSWORTH.

TO MY CHILD.

THEY say thou art not fair to others' eyes,
Thou who dost seem so beautiful in mine !
The stranger coldly passes thee, nor asks
What name, what home, what parentage are thine ;
But carelessly, as though it were by chance,
Bestows on thee an unadmiring glance.

Art thou not beautiful ?—To me it seems
As though the blue veins in thy temples fair—
The crimson in thy full and innocent lips—
The light that falls upon thy shining hair—
The varying colour in thy rounded cheek—
Must all of nature's endless beauty speak !

The very pillow which thy head hath prest
Through the past night, a picture brings to me
Of rest so holy, calm, and exquisite,
That sweet tears rise at thought of it and thee ;
And I repeat, beneath the morning's light,
The mother's lingering gaze, and long good night !

Yea, even thy shadow, as it slanting falls,
(When we two roam beneath the setting sun,)
Seems, as it glides along the path I tread,
A something bright and fair to gaze upon ;
I press thy little eager hand the while,
And do not even turn to see thee smile !

Art thou not beautiful ?—I hear thy voice—
Its musical shouts of childhood's sudden mirth—
And echo back thy laughter, as thy feet
Come gladly bounding o'er the damp spring-earth.
Yet no gaze follows thee but mine. I fear
Love hath bewitch'd mine eyes—my only dear !

Beauty is that which dazzles—that which strikes—
That which doth paralyze the gazer's tongue,
Till he hath found some rapturous word of praise
To bear his proud and swelling thoughts along ;
Sunbeams are beautiful—and gilded halls—
Wide terraces—and showery waterfalls.

Yet are there things which through the gazing eye
Reach the full soul, and thrill it into love,
Unworthy of those rapturous words of praise,
Yet prized, perchance, the brightest things above ;
A nook that was our childhood's resting place—
A smile upon some dear familiar face.

And therefore did the discontented heart
Create that *other* word its thoughts to dress ;
And what it could not say was *beautiful*,
Yet gain'd the dearer term of *loveliness*.
The loved are lovely :—so art thou to me,
Child in whose face strange eyes no beauty see !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

REFLECTIONS OF A BELLE.

I'M weary of the crowded ball; I'm weary of the
mirth,
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of
earth;
I'm weary of the flatterer's tone: its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before;
I'm weary of the heartless throng—of being deem'd
as one,
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

I speak in very bitterness, for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my
spirit knelt;
Mine is the requiem of years, in reckless folly pass'd,
The wail above departed hopes, on a frail venture
cast,
The vain regret, that steals above the wreck of
squander'd hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind above the faded
flowers.

Oh! it is worse than mockery to list the flatterer's tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush
to own,—
To hear the red lip whisper'd of, and the flowing curl
and eye
Made constant themes of eulogy, extravagant and
high,—
And the charm of person worshipp'd, in a homage
offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of
thought.

Away! I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to earth that beareth up to
heaven;

I will not bow a tameless heart to fashion's iron rule,
Nor welcome, with a smile, alike the gifted and the
fool :

No—let the throng pass coldly on ; a treasure few
may find,

The charm of person doubly dear beneath the light
of mind.

N. E. WEEKLY REVIEW.

THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and beneath
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last ;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if 't were mark'd in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds, that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

In Afric does the sultry gale
Through spicy bower and palmy grove
Bear the repeated cuckoo's tale?
Dwells there a time the wand'ring quail,
Or the itinerant dove?

Were you in Asia? O, relate
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose.

I would inquire how, journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before;

But if, as colder breezes blow,
Prophetic of the warning year,
You hide, though none know when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here;

Thus to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake,
And tells that, dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake.

Or if, by instinct taught to know,
Approaching dearth of insect food,
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And, crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood.

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
 Your deep and oozy couch above,
 The time when flowers of promise bloom,
 And call you from your transient tomb,
 To light and life and love ?

Alas ! how little can be known
 Her sacred veil where Nature draws !
 Let baffled Science humbly own
 Her mysteries, understood alone
 By Him who gives her laws.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
 Like thy own modest springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leather wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day ;

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wild and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers drew
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentle influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

COLLINS.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL'S SCHOOL.

HUSH ! 'tis a holy hour ; the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young
heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in
prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely ! childhood's lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought ;
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought ?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity.

Oh ! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds, with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,—
Lift up your hearts ! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes ;—

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled
springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread ;
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread ;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe !

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from Affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray.

Her lot is on you—to be found, untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;—
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray.

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more. O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun;
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale:
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn;
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring
With all the incense of the breathing Spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads reclined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold.
He from thick film shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field ;
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
To leafless shrubs the flowery palm succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forkv tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes !
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabeian springs !
For thee Idumea's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day !
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

POPE.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

WHEN life as opening buds is sweet,
 And golden hopes the fancy greet,
 And Youth prepares his joys to meet,—
 Alas! how hard it is to die!

When just is seized some valued prize,
 And duties press, and tender ties
 Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
 How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
 And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn,
 And man is left alone to mourn,—
 Ah then, how easy 't is to die!

When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
 And words of peace the spirit cheer,
 And vision'd glories half appear,—
 'Tis joy, 'tis triumph then to die.

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
 And films, slow gathering, dim the sight,
 And clouds obscure the mental light,—
 'Tis Nature's precious boon to die.

MRS. BARBAULD.

PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to day ; 't is madness to defer :
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life !
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born :
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least their own ; their future selves applaud :
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;
That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool ;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
dread :

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SWISS.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
'Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal :
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And even those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast ;
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined :
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.

GOLDSMITH.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OH, that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes,
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and Jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)

Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here?

I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbounded spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd,
Shoots into port at some well-favour'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O! the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;

To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

“ MOTHER, how still the baby lies !
I cannot hear his breath ;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hush'd me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now ;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how !”

“ Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A wither'd worm, you thought?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies ;—
Now raise your wandering glance above,
To where yon insect flies !”

"O, yes, mamma! how very gay
 Its wings of starry gold!
 And see! it lightly flies away
 Beyond my gentle hold.

O, mother, now I know full well,
 If God that worm can change,
 And draw it from this broken cell,
 On golden wings to range,—

How beautiful will brother be,
 When God shall give *him* wings,
 Above this dying world to flee,
 And live with heavenly things!"

MRS. GILMAN.

INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

"I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him."

WHERE art thou?—THOU! Source and Support of all
 That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,
 Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!
 I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
 Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,—
 Life-giving earth,—and ever-moving main,—
 And speaking winds,—and ask if these are Thee!
 The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
 The restless tide's outgoing and return,
 The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—
 Though hail'd as gods of old, and only less—
 Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
 I ask Thee from the past; if in the years,
 Since first intelligence could search its source,
 Or in some former unremember'd being,
 (If such, perchance, were mine) did they behold
 Thee?
 And next interrogate futurity—

So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience own'd—but both are mute ;
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here ! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements ;
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward.
From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit !
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilion'd still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee ?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on thine and live ?
Welcome the penalty ! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die ?

Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await his will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him—the Unreveal'd—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation ; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart !

MISS ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

THE SNOW FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"
'T was thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it stray'd,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seem'd in mid air suspended.

"O, no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

"To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlock'd fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake ;
"But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning :
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee ;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven ;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given."

MISS GOULD.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die !
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
In heaven ambition cannot dwell
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth :
But love is indestructible,

Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
 For oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.
 Oh! when a mother meets on high,
 The babe she has lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrows, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

 HARMONY.

I BADE the Day-break bring to me
 Its own sweet song of ecstasy :
 An answer came from leafy trees,
 And waking birds, and wandering bees,
 And wavelets on the water's brim—
 The matin hymn—the matin hymn !

I ask'd the Noon for music then :
 It echoed forth the hum of men ;
 The sounds of labour on the wind,
 The loud-voiced eloquence of mind ;
 The heart—the soul's sublime pulsations—
 The song—the shout—the shock of nations.

I hasten'd from the restless throng,
 To soothe me with the Evening song :
 The dark'ning heaven was vocal still,
 I heard the music of the rill—
 The home-bound bee—the vesper bell—
 The cicadæ—and philomel.

Thou Omnipresent Harmony !
Shades, streams, and stars are full of thee ;
On every wing—in every sound,
Thine all-pervading power is found ;
Some chord to touch—some tale to tell—
Deep—deep within the Spirit's cell.

BOWRING.

THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

HAST thou been in the woods with the honey-bee ?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free ?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild ?
With the butterfly over the heath, fair child ?
Yes ; the light form of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat ;
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou know'st not the sweetness, by antique song,
Breathed o'er the names of that flowery throng ;
The woodbine, the primrose, the violets dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim :
These are old words, that have made each grove
A dreary haunt for romance and love ;
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
A place for the gushings of poesy.

Thou know'st not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er ;
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep
Like hidden gems in the flower-urns deep ;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
'Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell ;
And the scent by the blossoming sweetbriers shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood-hyacinth's head.

O, happy child in thy fawn-like glee !
What is remembrance or thought to thee ?

Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours fling;
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon;
What if to droop and to perish soon?
Nature hath mines of such wealth; and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now!

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
'Midst the hidden things of each human heart!

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child! for this?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!
Such be thy portion! the bliss to look,
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book;
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine;
To read its deep meanings—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I NEVER was a favourite,
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turn'd away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense ;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence ;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful !
Love watches o'er their birth ;
Oh, beauty ! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth,—
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn ;
And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
I never had been born !

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love, that claim'd
A smile or an embrace ;
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh ! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect ;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd ;
I did not covet them ; but oft,
When wantonly reprov'd,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw—

The features once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death ;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'T was then unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillow'd her poor head.
She lived—she loved me for my care !
My grief was at an end ;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend !

T. H. BAILY.

A POET'S FAVOURITE.

OH she is guileless as the birds
That sing beside the summer brooks ;
With music in her gentle words,
With magic in her winsome looks.

With beauty by all eyes confess'd,
With grace beyond the reach of art,
And, better still than all the rest,
With perfect singleness of heart :

With kindness like a noiseless spring
That faileth ne'er in heat or cold ;
With fancy, like the wild dove's wing,
As innocent as it is bold.

With sympathies that have their birth
Where woman's best affections lie ;
With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
But fix their resting-place on high.

And if, with all that thus exalts
A soul by sweet thoughts sanctified,
This dear one has her human faults,
They ever " lean to virtue's side."

ANON.

A U R A V E N I.

BALMY freshness! heavenly air!

Cool, oh! cool this burning brow—
Loose the fiery circlet there—
Blessed thing! I feel ye now.

Blessed thing! depart not yet—

Let me, let me quaff my fill:
Leave me not, my soul, to fret
With longing for what mocks me still.

O! the weary, weary nights

I've lain awake and thought of thee!
Of clouds and corn, and all sweet sights
Of shade and sunshine, flower and tree.

Of running waters rippling clear,

Of merry birds, and gipsy camp,
Then how I loathed to see and hear
That ticking watch—that sickly lamp.

And long'd at least for light again;

For day—that brought no change to me;
The weight was on my heart and brain,
God might remove it—*only He*.

But now and then the fount of tears,

So seeming dry, was free to flow;
'T was worth the happiness of years,
That short-lived luxury of woe!

And in the midst of all my pain

I knew I was not quite forgot;
I knew my cry was not in vain—
So I was sad, but fainted not.

And now His merciful command

Hath lighten'd what was worst to bear;
And given of better days at hand
A foretaste in this blessed air.

MISS BOWLES.

FIRST INQUIRIES.

FATHER, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shades of the summer bowers?
Is it the warm beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and the blossomings—
Flowers to the field and fruits to the tree?
—Not the sun, my dear child, but one greater than he!

Father, whose hand form'd the blue-tinted sky,
Its colour'd clouds and its radiancy?
What are those stars we view shining in air?
What power ever keeps them suspended there?
Was it man form'd the skies and the glories we see?
—Not man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

Father, from whence came our own lovely land,
With its rivers and seas, and its mountains so grand;
Its tall frowning rocks and its shell-spangled shore?
Were these not the works of some people of yore?
Owe these not their birth to man's own good decree?
—Not to man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

From God came the trees, and the flowers, and the
earth,
To God do the mountains and seas owe their birth;
His glory alone, love, created on high,
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky.
It was he form'd the land, and no people of yore.
Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that God now
adore.

C. SWAIN.

VERSES INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM.

WHY write *my* name 'midst songs and flowers,
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers—
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frown'd
On laughing lips, or sparkling eyes.

No—though behind me now is closed
The youthful paradise of Love,
Yet can I bless, with soul composed,
The lingerers in that happy grove!

Take, then, fair girls, my blessing take!
Where'er amid its charms you roam;
Or where, by western hill or lake,
You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name
Here with the sister beauties blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,
That to their list would add a friend's!
FRANCIS JEFFREY.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play;
To crop the violet on its brim,
And listen to the throstle's hymn,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side,
Words cannot tell how glad and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
High visions then, and lofty schemes
Glorious and bright as fairy dreams,
And daring hopes, that now to speak,
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Pass'd o'er me ; and I wrote on high
A name I deem'd should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in proud and grand decay,
How swift the years have pass'd away,
Since first, a child and half afraid,
I wander'd in the forest shade.
But thou, gay, merry rivulet,
Dost dimple, play, and prattle yet ;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear,
My early childhood loved to hear ;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;
As fresh the herbs that crowd to drink
The moisture of thy oozy brink ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water-cress ;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him,
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.

I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth ;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sober'd eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
Bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mould,
(If haply the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favourite brook,
Then dimly on my eyes shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattle current's merry call ;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here ;

Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass ;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.

CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—' Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

' Speak, father!' once again he cried,
' If I may yet be gone !'—
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still yet brave despair—

And shouted but once more aloud,
' My father ! must I stay ?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh ! where is he ?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strow the sea !

MRS. HEMANS.

A U T U M N.

O, WITH what glory comes and goes the year !—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out ;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales

The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimson'd,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,—
A winter bird,—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him, that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well perform'd, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LOST DARLING.

SHE was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long seal'd to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
 To the slight finger'd breeze, and as it held
 Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
 The moaning kitten, or with patient care
 Conn'd o'er the alphabet—but most of all
 Its tender cadence in her evening prayer
 Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone
 Heard in sweet dreams.

But now alone I sit,
 Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
 Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
 I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
 What God had made so beautiful. I start,
 Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
 A restless sound, and breathed the accusom'd words
 "Hush! Hush thee, dearest." Then I bend and
 weep—
 As though it were a sin to speak to one
 Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!
 And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
 That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
 Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
 Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
 Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!
 Be still, my heart! what could a mother's prayer,
 In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
 Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE CAPTIVE OF ALHAMA.

THE Moslem star was on the wane,
 Eclipsed the Paynim powers,
 And the haughty lord of Christian Spain,
 Besieged Granada's towers:

Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
Of Leon's chivalrie,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
Staid succour from the sea.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
To brave Gonsalvo's tent,
His escort from the field had fled,
And his horse had fall'n o'erspent;
He hung his head in speechless grief,
As the tear roll'd down his cheek,
And scornful look'd each mailed chief,
To behold a youth so weak.

"Is it a girl," Gonsalvo cries,
"That in our toils is caught?
That thus it weeps, in woman's guise,
Where its fierce forefathers fought?"
"Nay, hear my tale," exclaim'd the youth,
His eye one moment bright'ning,
"And Allah, if I speak not truth,
Consume me with his lightning!

"From beauteous Malaga I came,
But by no beaten way;
Superb Granada was my aim,—
Woe, woe the luckless day!
For had I in my journey sped
To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
Granada's fairest daughter.

"If pity then, or love's sweet power,
E'er touch'd thy gallant breast,
But grant me freedom for an hour—
To the oar I give the rest;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
And take my long farewell!"

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
Albeit his look was stern ;
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
And ere set of sun return :
Each pass and strait the chieftain eyed,
Yet sometimes turn'd his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
His captive featly sped.

The Sierra's dazzling peak of snow
Yet blush'd with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bow'd low
Before the Christian knight ;
But alone he came not, as he went,
For a damsel press'd his arm,
Faint as a rose by tempests bent,
And quivering with alarm.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom,
She look'd at him and wept ;
And the knights, still reckless of his doom,
An equal silence kept.
At length the maid unveil'd her head,
She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
But he well could guess the plea.

“Gazul, thy captive, Christian knight,
Is here by his solemn vow,
He was my lover yesternight,
He is my husband now ;
Without him life to me is vain,
And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I've promised to remain ;
Him, him alone I follow

“'T was for me he dared, unwisely brave,
The ambush'd road to take ;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
But he suffers for my sake :

Ah! then, his love still let me share,
To whom I've pledged my oath;
The fetters if you will prepare,
But let them bind us both!"

Knights, little used to pity, sigh'd,
They soften'd to his suit;
For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide
Like music from a lute.
"Our arms," Gonsalvo said, "achieve
The buttress, not the bower;
My falchion's edged the oak to cleave,
And not to crush the flower.

"Peace be to both! you both are free!
Live happy; and whene'er
To you a Christian bends his knee,
Believe Gonsalvo there!"
They silent kiss'd his robes, and sped
To their own dear Darro's water;
And thus Gazul Zorayda wed,
Granada's noblest daughter!

RUSSELL.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

WHEN are we happiest—when the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds, upon the fresh winds borne,
Tell man resumes his work with blither zest;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene,
To tell what it has been!

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon,—how very soon, such pleasures pall!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow colouring flee;
Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care:
We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art!

Oh, no!—not there; it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth and pass away,—
They must, they must decay.

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;
Those sparkling eyes be quench'd in bitter tears,
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
If happiness depends on them alone,
How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when resign'd
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:
Oh! we are happiest then!
MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE.

THE SISTER'S VOICE.

"O what a voice is silent!"—*Barry Cornwall.*

O my sister's voice is gone away!
 Around our social hearth
We have lost its tones, that were so gay,
 So full of harmless mirth—
We miss the glancing of her eye,
 The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
 The hand so small and fair;
And the wild bright smile that lit her face,
 And made our hearts rejoice—
Sadly we mourn each vanish'd grace,
 But most of all her voice.

For oh! it was so soft and sweet
 When it breathed forth in words;
Such tones it had as hearts repeat
 In echoes on their chords;
And lovely when in measure soft
 She sung a mournful song,
And heavenly when it swell'd aloft
 In triumph chorus strong;
And dearest when its words of love
 Would soothe our bosoms' care,
And loveliest when it rose above
 In sounds of praise and prayer.

O, in my childhood, I have sate,
 When that sweet voice hath breathed,
Forgetful of each merry mate—
 Of the wild flowers I had wreathed;
And though each other voice I scorn'd
 That call'd me from my play,
If my sweet sister only warn'd,
 I never could delay.

'T was she who sang me many a rhyme,
And told me many a tale,
And many a legend of old time
That made my spirit quail.

There are a thousand pleasant sounds
Around our cottage still—
The torrent that before it bounds,
The breeze upon the hill,
The murmuring of the wood-doves' sigh,
The swallow in the eaves,
And the wind that sweeps a melody
In passing from the leaves,
And the pattering of the early rain,
The opening flowers to wet,—
But they want my sister's voice again,
To make them sweeter yet.

We stood around her dying bed,
We saw her blue eyes close ;
While from her heart the pulses fled,
And from her cheek the rose.
And still her lips in fondness moved,
And still she strove to speak
To the mournful beings that she loved,
And yet she was too weak ;
Till at last from her eye came one bright ray,
That bound us like a spell ;
And as her spirit pass'd away,
We heard her sigh—"farewell!"

And oft since then that voice hath come
Across my heart again ;
And it seems to speak as from the tomb,
And bids me not complain :
And I never hear a low soft flute,
Or the sound of a rippling stream,
Or the rich deep music of a lute,
But it renews my dream,

And brings the hidden treasures forth
 That lie in memory's store ;
 And again to thoughts of that voice gives birth—
 That voice I shall hear no more.

No more!—it is not so—my hope
 Shall still be strong in Heaven—
 Still search around the spacious scope
 For peace and comfort given.
 We know there is a world above,
 Where all the blessed meet,
 Where we shall gaze on those we love,
 Around the Saviour's feet ;
 And I shall hear my sister's voice
 In holier, purer tone—
 With all those spotless souls rejoice,
 Before the Eternal Throne.

MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE.

THE WIFE.

"How much the *wife* is dearer than the *bride*."
Lord Lyttleton.

SHE stood beside him in the spring-tide hour
 When Hymen lit with smiles the nuptial bow'r,
 A downcast, trembling girl ;—whose pulse was stirr'd
 By the least murmur, like a frighten'd bird ;
 Timid, and shrinking from each stranger's gaze,
 And blushing when she heard the voice of praise,
 She clung to him as some superior thing,
 And soar'd aloft upon his stronger wing !
 Now mark the change :—when storm-clouds gather
 fast,
 And man, creation's lord, before the blast

Shrinks like a parch'd scroll or with'ring leaf,
 And turns revolting from the face of grief—
 When, in despair, his scarce uplifted eye,
 Sees foes who linger, fancied friends who fly—
 Woman steps forth, and boldly braves the shock,
 Firm to his interests as the granite rock;
 SHE stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
 And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
 And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
 She points a shelter from its 'whelming force!
 When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
 And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
 Who solves each doubt—clears every mist away,
 And makes him radiant in the face of day?
 She who would peril fortune, fame, and life,
 For man, the ingrate—THE DEVOTED WIFE.

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

THE WATER-LILY.

———The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

OH! beautiful thou art,
 Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
 Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
 Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!
 Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
 Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
 Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm; thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

MRS. HEMANS.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND,

IN THE CHURCH OF BROADSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combined
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Bless'd with each art that owes its charms to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps; O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

MASON.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
Pendent gems, and rich brocade;
If her chints with less expense
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same:
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing heart,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendent gems and rich brocade.

I those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the *Butterfly's* ball, and the *Grasshopper's* feast.
The trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,

Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so black,
Who carried the *Emmet*, his friend, on his back.

And there was the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly* too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.
And there came the *Moth*, with his plumage of down,
And the *Hornet* in jacket of yellow and brown;

Who with him the *Wasp*, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of his hole,
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the *Mole*.

And the *Snail*, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell.
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made

The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the *Bee* brought her honey to crown the repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The *Frog* from a corner look'd up to the skies.

And the *Squirrel*, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high over-head, and look'd down from a tree.
Then out came the *Spider*, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
But, just in the middle,—Oh! shocking to tell,—
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons out-
spread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.
Then the *Grasshopper* came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the *Snail* did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out with a
light.

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.
So said little Robert, and, pacing along,
His merry companions return'd in a throng.

ROSCOE.

LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF CELIN.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are
barr'd,

At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling
heard ;

There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound
of woe.

"What tower is fall'n, what star is set, what chief
come these bewailing?"

"A tower is fall'n, a star is set. Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and
wide the doors they throw :

Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go :

In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the
hollow porch,

Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and
flaming torch ;

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is
wailing,

For all have heard the misery. "Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood,
'Twas at the solemn jousting ; around the nobles
stood ;

'The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies
bright and fair

Look'd from their latticed windows, the haughty sight
to share ;

But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are be-
wailing,

For he was Granada's darling knight. "Alas! alas,
for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to
view ;

Behind him his four sisters, each wrapt in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their
doleful tale ;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brother-
less bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—“ Alas ! alas,
for Celin ! ”

O, lovely lies he on the bier above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of
them all ;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, and his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his
burnish'd mail,
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon
their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—“ Alas ! alas, for
Celin ! ”

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor
stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weep-
ing sore :
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes
black they strew,
Upon their broider'd garments of crimson, green and
blue—
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the
loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—“ Alas ! alas,
for Celin ! ”

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the
people cry ;
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye.
’T was she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed
him long ago ;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she
well shall know—

With one deep shriek she through doth break, when
 her ears receive their wailing—
 “Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas, for
 Celin!”

LOCKHEART.

ODE.

O MELANCHOLY Moon,
 Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away
 Far in the dusky west, to vanish soon
 Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,
 Still art thou beautiful beyond all spheres,
 The friend of grief, and confidant of tears.

Mine earliest friend wert thou :
 My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under
 The locust tree, and, through the chequer'd
 bough,
 Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder
 At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be
 The nearest star to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew ; but as it came,
 And sadness with it, still, with joy, I stole
 To gaze, and dream, and breathe perchance the
 name
 That was the early music of my soul,—
 And seem'd upon thy pictured disk to trace
 Remember'd features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring
 A winter to my bosom, cannot turn
 Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness ; still spring
 My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern
 Falters, in secret, with the ancient thrill—
 The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

Would it were so ; for earth
 Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail ;

And her sweet chimes, that once were woke to
mirth,

Turn to a moody melody of wail,
And through her stony throngs I go alone,
Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so; for still
Thou art my only counsellor, with whom
Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,
Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom
Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,
Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak:—
I shall look up to thee from the deep sea,
And in the land of palms, and on the peak
Of her wild hills, still turn my eyes to thee;
And then perhaps lie down in solemn rest,
With naught but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so indeed—
Earth hath her peace beneath the trampled stone:
And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,
And naught, save passing winds, shall make my
moan;
No tears, save night's, to wash my humble shrine,
And watching o'er me, no pale face but thine.

DR. BIRD.

THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is seal'd, and the surge a stone ;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers roll'd ;
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;
The sea-snatch'd isle is the home of men,
And the mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field,
'Mid the blossom'd sweets that the valleys yield ;
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;—
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,
And the gods of ocean have frown'd to see
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;—
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,
Like the tribes whom the desert devour'd in their sin ;
From the land of promise ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;—
As the kings of the cloud-crown'd pyramid,
'Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,
Ye slumber unmark'd 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her dark'ning brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
'I am content to die—but, oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing—
Not while the bright flowers round my footsteps
wreathe.

Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!

The spring hath ripen'd into summer-time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime:
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
'Let me not perish while o'er land and sea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
For while the murmur of the mountain-bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone:
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow—
I am content to die!—but oh! not now!

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
I am content to die—but, oh! not now!

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers far and near
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:

Yet still that prayer ascends. 'O! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roof rings with voices light and loud;
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
 Again the banks with clust'ring flowers are spread:
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
 The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
 'Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow—
 Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!

MRS. NORTON.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

WHAT were they?—you ask: you shall presently see;
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
 O no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
 weigh,
 Together with articles, small or immense,
 From mountains or planets to atoms of sense;
 Naught was there so bulky but there it could lay,
 And naught so ethereal but there it would stay;
 And naught so reluctant but in it must go:—
 All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,
 Which retain'd all the wit that had ever been there;
 As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
 As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,
With a garment that *Dorcās* had made—for a weight ;
And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endow'd
By a well-esteem'd Pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weigh'd less than one
plough.

A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,—
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,—
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and
sense ;—

A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just wash'd from the dirt ;—
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice,
One pearl to outweigh—'twas 'the pearl of great
price !'

At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight ;—
When the former sprung up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof—
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerk'd the philosopher out of his cell.

MISS J. TAYLOR.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep the colour'd landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile.—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colour'd foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forest glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest
For ever in thy colour'd shades to stray ;
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

BRYANT.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

THEN died lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued Mother and a faithful Wife ;
Call'd not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold ;
But when to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind ;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare ;
And each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart ;—
But ALL her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke :
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone :
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek !
But view'd the sick, and were afraid to speak.

Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead :—
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed—
My part began ; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face :
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear, with pity, mingled in each mind ;
Friends with the husband came, their griefs to blend ;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear ;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain ;
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied :
' Be still, be patient,' oft she strove to say ;
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away.

Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village-lads stood melancholy still ;
And idle children wand'ring to-and-fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.

Arrived at home, how then they gaze around,
In every place—where she no more was found !
The seat at table she was wont to fill ;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still ;
The garden walks, a labour all her own ;
The lattice bower with trailing shrubs o'ergrown ;
The Sunday-pew, she fill'd with all her race ;
Each place of her's was now a sacred place,
That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.

CRABBE.

STANZAS.

“Art thou beautiful?—Live then in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy Creation, and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.”——*Wm. Penn.*

BIND up thy tresses, beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown,
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing
curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!
Beautiful creature!—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away—away—there is danger here—
A terrible Phantom is bending near;
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly—but alas, he will follow still,
Like a moon-light shadow beyond thy will;
In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,
Close at thy heel will that Phantom keep—
Still on thine ear shall his whispers be—
Woe—that such Phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,
Like beautiful spirits to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in still moon-light;

And not one star in the holy sky,
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye !

Oh then—even then—he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea ;
In the soften'd light—in the turning dance,
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger !

And yet there is hope.—Embrace it now,
While thy soul is open as is thy brow ;
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still
Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain rill—
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,
When the bud shall wither before its bloom,
When thy soul is sick of the emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss ;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling
Over thy heart as ice is stealing,—

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,
By the mild rebuke of the Christian's love ;
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirr'd,
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—
THEN will that phantom of darkness be
Gladness and Promise and Bliss to thee.

WHITTIER.

THE CHINA TREE.

THOUGH the blossoms be ripe on the China tree,
Though the flower of the orange be fair to see,—
And the pomegranate's blush, and the humming-birds
wing,
Throw the charms of elysium, O South, on thy
spring ;

It is dearer to me to remember the North,
Where scarce the green leaf yet comes timidly
forth,—
To walk in thy gardens, and dream that I roam
Through the verdureless fields and the forests of
Home.

If the golded-hued oriole sing from the tide,
Oh, the blue bird is sweeter by Delaware's side :
And the sound of that flood on the beaches so dear!
Ne'er ripples the river so pleasantly here.
Oh, the pebble-strown beaches, that echo all day
To the kill-deer's shrill shriek and the bank-swal-
low's lay,
And at eve, when the harvest moon mellows the
shade,
To the sigh of the lover, the laugh of the maid!

China tree! though the blossoms, in chaplets, may
bond
The brows of the brave, and the necks of the fond,
Never think that fit garlands our oak cannot form,
For heads as majestic, and bosoms as warm,
They may sit in thy shade, but their dreams are
away,
With the far hills and forests, yet naked the gray,
With the floods roaring wildly, the fields lying bare,
And the hearts,—oh, the hearts,—that make paradise
there!

DR. BIRD.

SINCE I KNEW THEE!

THE Spring is coming with her flowers
To bid the heaven and earth be gay;
To breathe a pledge of happier hours,
And chase all gloomier thoughts away:
The young birds hear her welcome voice;
And 'mid the budding trees rejoice;

I join them in their songs of gladness,
 And feel the happiness I see ;
 Yet I have known no thought of sadness
 Since I knew thee !

Mine are the prouder hopes of life,
 The hopes that cannot dread decay,
 That see no evil, fear no strife
 To meet and grapple on the way ;
 The thoughts that thrill, the joys that bless—
 That language never can express—
 All—all are mine—my bosom's treasure—
 Hopes, joys, and thoughts—the happy three—
 My life hath been a life of pleasure,
 Since I knew thee !

For all these gifts what can I find—
 What offering wilt thou keep ?
 A changeless faith—a constant mind—
 Devotion pure and deep—
 Unwearying thoughts of thee and thine ?
 These—my soul's idol !—shall be thine.
 My heart I give not—that alone
 My offering cannot be—
 For ah ! it never was my own
 Since I knew thee !

ANON.

NATURE'S GIFTS.

I CAN find comfort in the words and looks
 Of simple hearts and gentle souls ; and I
 Can find companionship in ancient books,
 When lonely on the grassy hills I lie,
 Under the shadow of the tranquil sky ;
 I can find music in the rushing brooks,
 Or in the songs which dwell among the trees,
 And come in snatches on the summer breeze.

I can find treasure in the leafy showers
Which in the merry autumn-time will fall;
And I can find strong love in buds and flowers,
And beauty in the moonlight's silent hours.
There's nothing nature gives can fail to please,
For there's a common joy pervading all.

ANON.

UNTRODDEN GROUND.

Lines suggested by a Nameless Landscape.

WHAT avail, though earth be wide?
All its beauty hath been spied!
Where's the vale that lies so still,
Bosom'd in so calm a hill,
That no wanderer ever found?
Where's the spot of holy ground?
Isle, or peak, or promontory,
That hath not some human story,
Dark with guilt, or gloom'd with woe?
Where's the water's peaceful flow,
Lake, or sea, or river deep,
Resting in such dreamy sleep,
That no eye e'er look'd upon,
Save the stars, the moon, the sun?
Where's the wood so dense and green,
That no human hut hath seen;
Where no war-song ever peal'd,
Where no savage lay conceal'd,
Since the day the world began?
No where—no where! all earth round
Is unholy, common ground,
And is trod by common man!
Poet, hail! and Painter, too!
There are regions known to you,
Mountains old and rivers wide,
That no eye but yours hath spied!
You behold, in valleys deep,
Quiet people with their sheep,

Like the shepherd-race of old
 In the fabled years of gold !
 You see rivers flowing on,
 Golden with the setting sun ;
 And the little boats you see,
 Sail upon them tranquilly !
 You see cities, old and lone,
 Built as of eternal stone,
 Silent, stately, and sublime :
 Relics of an ancient time,
 Of a race long pass'd away.
 Ye are stronger than decay !
 Ye can people each old place,
 With its gone, forgotten race,
 Ye can know whate'er they knew !
 Poet, hail ! and Painter, too,
 Traveller ne'er was wise as you !

MARY HOWITT.

SPRING HYMN.

How pleasant is the opening year !
 The clouds of winter melt away ;
 The flowers in beauty reappear ;
 The songster carols from the spray ;
 Lengthens the more refulgent day ;
 And bluer glows the arching sky ;
 All things around us seem to say,
 " Christian ! direct thy thoughts on high."

In darkness, through the dreary length
 Of Winter, slept both bud and bloom ;
 But nature now puts forth her strength,
 And starts, renew'd, as from the tomb ;
 Behold an emblem of thy doom,
 O man !—a Star hath shone to save—
 And morning yet shall reillumine
 The midnight darkness of the grave !

Yet ponder well, how then shall break
 The dawn of second life on thee—
 Shalt thou to hope—to bliss awake?
 Or vainly strive God's wrath to flee?
 Then shall pass forth the dread decree,
 That makes or weal or woe thine own;
 Up, and to work! Eternity
 Must reap the harvest Time hath sown!

DELTA.

THE HEART.

THE heart—the gifted heart—
 Who may reveal its depths to human sight!
 What eloquence impart,
 The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might!
 It is the seat of bliss,
 The blessed home of all affections sweet;
 It smiles where friendship is,
 It glows wherever social feelings meet.

'Tis Virtue's hallow'd fane—
 'Tis Freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield!
 A strength that will remain,
 When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield!
 It is Religion's shrine,
 From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
 Where joys, which are divine,
 And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring!

The fount of tenderness—
 Where every purer passion hath its birth,
 To cheer—to charm—to bless
 And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.
 Oh heart! till life be o'er,
 Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame,
 And I will ask no more
 Of earthly happiness or earthly fame!

CHARLES SWAIN.

A WORLD WITHOUT WATER.

Yesternight I pray'd aloud,
In anguish and in agony;
Upstarting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me.
Coleridge.

I HAD a dream in the dead of night,
A dream of agony;
I thought the world stood in affright,
Beneath the hot and parching light
Of an unclouded sky;
I thought there had fallen no cooling rain
For months upon the feverish plain,
And that all the springs were dry:

And I was standing on a hill,
And looking all around:
I know not how it was; but still
Strength in my limbs was found,
As if with a spell of threefold life,
My destinies were bound.

Beneath me was a far-spread heath,
Where once had risen a spring,
Looking as bright as a silver wreath
In its graceful wandering:
But now the sultry glance of the sun,
And the glare of the dark-blue sky,
Had check'd its course,—no more to run
In light waves wandering by.

And farther on was a stately wood,
With its tall trees rising high,
But now like autumn wrecks they stood
Beneath a summer sky:

And every leaf, though dead, did keep
Its station in mockery ;
For there was not one breath to sweep
The leaves from each perishing tree ;
And there they hung dead, motionless ;
They hung there day by day,
As though death were too busy with other things
To sweep their corpses away.

Oh, terrible it was to think
Of human creatures then !
How they did sink in vain to drink
In every vale and glen ;
And how the scorched foot did shrink
As it touch'd the slippery plain :
And some had gather'd beneath the trees
In hope of finding shade ;
But alas ! there was not a single breeze
Astir in any glade !

The cities were forsaken,
For their marble wells were spent ;
And their walls gave back the scorching glare
Of that hot firmament :
But the corpses of those who died were strewn
In the street, as dead leaves lay,
And dry they wither'd—and wither'd alone,
They felt no foul decay !

Night came. 'The fiery sun sank down,
And the people's hope grew strong :
It was a night without a moon,
It was a night in the depth of June,
And there swept a wind along ;
'T was *almost cool* : and then they thought
Some blessed dew it would have brought.

Vain was the hope !—there was no cloud
In the clear dark-blue Heaven ;
But, bright and beautiful, the crowd
Of stars look'd through the even.

And women sat them down to weep
Over their hopeless pain :
And men had visions dark and deep,
Clouding the dizzy brain :
And children sobb'd themselves to sleep,
And never woke again .

The morning rose—not as it comes
Softly 'midst rose and dew—
Not with those cool and fresh perfumes
That the weariest heart renew,
—But the sun sprang up as if eager to see
What next his power could do !

A mother held her child to her breast
And kiss'd it tenderly,
And then she saw her infant smile ;
What could that soft smile be ?
A tear had sprung with a sudden start,
To her hot feverish eye ;
It had fallen upon that faint child's lip
That was so parch'd and dry.

I look'd upon the mighty Sea ;
Oh, what a sight it was !
All its waves were gone save two or three,
That lay like burning glass,
Within the caves of those deep rocks
Where no human foot could pass.

And in the very midst, a ship
Lay in the slime and sand ;
With all its sailors perishing
Even in sight of land ;
Oh ! water had been a welcome sight
To that pale dying band !

Oh, what a sight was the bed of the Sea !
The bed where he had slept,
Or toss'd and tumbled restlessly,
And all his treasures kept

For ages : he was gone ; and all
His rocky pillows shown,
With their clustering shells, and sea-weed pall,
And the rich gems round them thrown.

And the monsters of the deep lay dead,
With many a human form,
That there had found a quiet bed
Away from the raging storm ;
And the fishes, sodden in the sun,
Were strewn by thousands round ;
And a myriad things, long lost and won,
Were there, unsought for, found.

I turn'd away from earth and sea,
And look'd on the burning sky,
But no drop fell, like an angel's tear—
The founts of heaven were dry :
The birds had perish'd every one ;
Not a cloud was in the air,
And desolate seem'd the very Sun,
He look'd so lonely there !

And I began to feel the pang—
The agony of thirst :
I had a scorching swelling pain,
As if my heart would burst.
My tongue seem'd parch'd ; I tried to speak—
'The spell that instant broke ;
And, starting at my own wild shriek,
In mercy I awoke.

MISS M. A. BROWNE.

THE LILY.

Addressed to a Young Lady on her entrance into Life.

FLOWER of light ! forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth,
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky.

While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starr'd with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Rifle their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble pinion'd air
Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer;
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thy head;
Morn impearl thy leaves with dew,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress;
Thus fulfil thy summer day,
Spring and flourish and decay;
Live a life of fragrance—then
Disappear—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die,—to be transported hence
To that Garden in the skies,
Where the lily never dies.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE.

FLOWER! thou art not the same to me
That thou wert long ago;
The hue has faded from thy face,
Or from my heart the glow—
The glow of young romantic thoughts,
When all the world was new,
And many a blossom round my path
Its sweet, fresh fragrance threw;
Thou art not what I thought thee then
Nor ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,
To find thee on the bank,
Where all the day thy opening leaves
The golden sunlight drank—
To see thee in the sister group
That clustering grew together,
And seem'd too delicate for aught
Save summer's brightest weather,
Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—
Thou happiest primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made
My heart to love thee so;
For though all gentle things to me
Were dear, long, long ago,
There was no bird upon the bough,
No wild-flower on the lea,
No twinkling star, no running brook,
I loved so much as thee;
I watch'd thy coming every spring,
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now
Without one joyful thrill;
The spirit of the past is dead,
My heart is calm and still:
A lovelier flower than e'er thou art
Has faded from my sight,
And the same chill that stole her bloom
Brought unto me a blight,
'Tis fitting thou should'st sadder seem,
Since Leila perish'd like a dream.

ANON.

ETTY'S ROVER.

THOU lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear:
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child—
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe!

How much they suffer from our faults:
How much from our mistakes;
How often, too, mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes!

We over-rule and over-teach,
We curb and we confine,
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No, only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye;
Enjoy those few bright hours which now,
E'en now, are hurrying by:

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder;—such at least
Its influence on me.

MISS LANDON.

LINES.

IMAGINATION; honourable aims;
Free commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and song; delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard? O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so?

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for thy voice.

Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air.
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

The mother, with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that, standing by her chair
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee,
Looks up and doth its rosy lips prepare
To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes
aright,

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize thee:
Why was I made for Love, and Love denied to me?"

COLERIDGE.

RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHT.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE.

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep,
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian:—for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,
Most loved by evening and the dewy star,
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!

Still, still unchanged may *one* sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and
prayer!

THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

Trees, gracious trees; how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings,
rise?

How the whole picture of a childhood lies
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep,
Till gazing through them up the summer skies,
As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep,
And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
Where memory coils; and lo! at once unfurl'd
The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight
Spreads clear! while gushing from their long-seal'd
urn

Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers
return,
And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

THE SAME.

And ye are strong to shelter! all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your shades:
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
And stealthy violets, by the winds betray'd.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath
play'd

With his first primrose-wealth; there Love hath sought
A veiling gloom for his unutter'd thought,
And silent grief, of day's keen glance afraid,
A refuge for his tears; and oft-times there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hush'd, and dim;
For wheresoe'er your murmuring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, *there* man's heart hath still
Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless
hymn.

READING "PAUL AND VIRGINIA" IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian Isle!

I loved thee in my lonely childhood well,
 On the sea-shore, when day's last purple smile
 Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
 And dying cadence lent a deeper spell
 Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms,
 And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
 And watch the Southern Cross through midnight
 calms,
 And track the spicy woods. Yet more I bless'd
 Thy vision of sweet love, kind, trustful, true,
 Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest—
 With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
 Even then my young heart wept o'er this world's
 power
 To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn—though thy rays,
 O Sun! to morrow will give back, we know,
 The joy to Nature's heart. Yet through the glow
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
 Tracks thee with love half fearful: and in days
 When Earth too much adored thee, what a swell
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
 Told how the dying bade thy light farewell;
 O Sun of Greece! O glorious festal sun!
 Lost, lost! for them thy golden hours were done,
 And darkness lay before them. Happier far
 Are we not *thus* to thy bright wheels enchain'd.
 Not thus for thy last parting unsustain'd,
 Heirs of a purer day, with its unsetting star.

IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarch life! how long a power
 Your unworn pastoral images retain
 O'er the true heart, which, in its childhood's hour,
 Drank their pure freshness deep! The camel's train!
 Winding in patience o'er the desert plain,

The tent, the palm-tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock.

Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how blest,
Are these things link'd, for many a thoughtful breast,
With household memories, through all change
 endear'd!

The matin-bird, the ripple of a stream,
Beside our native porch, the hearth-light's gleam,
The voices earliest by the soul revered!

ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden East, with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim-spirit would adore and glow.
Rapt in high thought, though weary, faint, and
 slow,

Still doth the traveller through the deserts wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where pass'd the shepherd-fathers of mankind.

Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace? O thou, true Eastern Star!
Saviour, atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our *hearts* to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope the fair lost birth-right to regain!

TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Not long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
Servant of God! thy day is almost done!

The charm now lingering in thy look and word
Is that which hangs about the setting sun,

That which the meekness of decay hath won
Still from revering love.—Yet doth the sense
Of Life immortal—progress but begun—

Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline;

And the loved flowers which round thee smile
 farewell

Of more than vernal glory seem to tell,
By thy pure spirit touch'd with light divine;
While we, to whom its parting gleams are given,
Forget the grave in trustful thoughts of Heaven.

A HAPPY HOUR.

Oh! what a joy to feel that in my breast
The founts of childhood's vernal fancies lay
Still pure, though heavily and long-repress'd
By early-blighted leaves, which o'er their way
Dark summer-storms had heap'd! But free, glad
play
Once more was given them;—to the sunshine's glow
And the sweet wood-song's penetrating flow,
And to the wandering primrose-breath of May,
And the rich hawthorn odours, forth they sprung,
Oh! not less freshly bright, that *now* a thought
Of spiritual presence o'er them hung,
And of immortal life!—a germ, unwrought
In childhood's soul to power, *now* strong, serene,
And full of love and light, colouring the whole blest
scene!

MRS. HEMANS.

NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BRANNER.

GATHER, ye sullen thunder clouds;
Your wings, ye lightnings, wave,
Like Spirits bursting from their shrouds:

And howl, thou wild and dreary storm,
Like echoes of the grave,
Sounds of the brothers of the worm.

Ay, wilder still, ye thunders, roll,
Ye lightnings, cleave the ground:
Ye cannot shake the Christian soul:

In God's high strength she sits sublime,
Though worlds were dust around ;
Defying Chance, outliving Time.

THE LONELY HEART.

THEY tell me I am happy—and
I try to think it true ;
They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few ;
That in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favour'd lot ;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so ; the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips
Have smiled on while they quaff'd.
It may be so ; I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board,
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast ;
They call for music, and there comes
Some old familiar strain ;
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn—and smile again.

But oh ! my heart is wandering
Back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play,
The meadows in their bloom,

The blackbird on the scented thorn,
The murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze,
Like voices in a dream;

The watchful eyes that never more
Shall gaze upon my brow,
The smiles—Oh! cease that melody,
I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs,
Nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship
For loneliness of heart!

SARAH STICKNEY.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

WHY don't the men propose, mamma?

Why don't the men propose?
Each seems just coming to the point,
And then away he goes!
It is no fault of yours, mamma,
That ev'ry body knows;
You *fête* the finest men in town,
Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,
To make a proper match;
For coronets and eldest sons
I'm ever on the watch;
I've hopes when some *distingué* beau
A glance upon me throws;
But though he'll dance, and smile, and flirt,
Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing
And dressing like a blue;
I've bought big books, and talk'd of them
As if I'd read them through!

With hair cropp'd like a man, I've felt
The heads of all the beaux ;
But Spurzheim could not touch their *hearts*,
And, oh ! they won't propose !

I threw aside the books, and thought
That ignorance was bliss ;
I felt convinced that men preferred
A simple sort of Miss ;
And so I lisp'd out naught beyond
Plain "yeses" or plain "noes,"
And wore a sweet unmeaning smile ;
Yet, oh ! they won't propose !

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,
I heard Sir Harry Gale
Exclaim, " Now I *propose* again ;"
I started, turning pale ;
I really thought my time was come,
I blush'd like any rose ;
But, oh ! I found 't was only at
Ecarté he'd *propose* !

And what is to be done, mamma ?
Oh ! what is to be done ?
I really have no time to lose,
For I am thirty-one :
At balls I am too often left
Where spinsters sit in rows ;
Why won't the men propose, mamma ?
Why *won't* the men propose ?

T. H. BAILEY.

THE NAUTILUS.

LIKE an ocean breeze afloat
In a little pearly boat—
Pearl within, and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he !

Not for battle, not for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue :
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar :
Oh ! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus !

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new-created seas :
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea-solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled-up Ammonite !
Thou survived the awful shock
That turn'd the ocean bed to rock,
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms—

Thou wast there !—thy little boat,
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal ;
Amid wreck and overturning—
Rock-imbedding—heaving, burning !
'Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,
In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine !

MARY HOWITT

THE ORPHAN BALLAD-SINGERS.

OH, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way ;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wander'd mournfully to-day.

My little sister she is pale ;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue ;
And she is delicate and mild—
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own ;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
A little playful thing was she ;
How proud we were,—yet that night came
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head—
How strange, how white, how cold she grew !
It was a broken heart, they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends ;
They said our home no more was ours—
Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
The garden we had fill'd with flowers ;
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home ;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wander'd forth 'mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky ;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er—
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more !

MISS LONDON.

TO A DESERTED COUNTRY-SEAT.

Hail to thy silent woods,
Thy solemn climate, and thy deep repose,
Where the west wind as he goes
Moans to the falling floods,
That through the forest glide,
And journey with a melancholy tide !

Hail to thy happy ground,
Where all is steep'd in stillest solitude ;
And no unhallow'd sound
Wakes nature from her holy mood ;
Here let me waste away
The little leisure of life's busy day !

Thy lone and ancient towers
Shall be my only haunt from youth to age ;
The wild grown garden bowers
Shall shelter me in life's long pilgrimage ;
And I will think me blest,
For ever in thy peaceful bounds to rest.

On thee the sunbeam falls
In silence all the solitary year ;
And mouldering are thy walls,
That echoed once with hospitable cheer ;
And all is past away
That stood around thee in thy prosperous day.

But I may seek thy shades,
And wander in thy long forgotten bowers,
And haunt thy sunny glades,
Where the mild summer leads the rosy hours,
And mingled flowers perfume
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.

For nature here again
With silent steps repairs her woodland throne,
Usurps the fair domain,

And claims the lovely desert for her own,
And o'er yon threshold throws
With lavish hand the woodbine and the rose.

Deep silence reigns around,
Save when the blackbird strains his tuneful throat,
Then the old woods resound,
And the sweet thrush begins his merry note ;
And from some scathed bough
The murmuring ring-dove pours her plaintive vow.

Here at the break of morn,
No hunter wakes the halloo of the chase,
Nor hounds and echoing horn
Fright from their quiet haunts the sylvan race.
Rest, happy foresters, for ye shall be
In these green walks for ever safe and free !

Wave, laurel, wave thy boughs,
And soothe with friendly shade my wearied head ;
Come, sleep, and o'er my brows
With gentle hand thy dewy poppies shed.
Here shall be well forgot
The many sorrows of this earthly lot.

Haunts of my early years,
Amid your sighing woods O give me rest ;
Unnoticed be the tears,
Unknown the grief that fills this aching breast,
While, shelter'd in your bowers,
With patient heart I wait the suffering hours.

How soon the morn of life,
The beam, the beauty of our days, is o'er,
Amid a world of strife
The heart's young joys, shall bud, shall bloom no more !
Yet tranquil be the day
That lights the wanderer on his homeward way.

Lo! where the lord of light
In setting splendour pours his crimson beams,
And at the approach of night
Bathes his bright orbs amid the ocean streams,
And sinks into the west,—
So still, so peaceful be my hour of rest.

W. S. ROSCOE.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,—
We met, and we parted for ever.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence,—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling ;
We vow'd we would never—no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling :
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine,
Are cold as that lonely river ;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping ;
Each *star* is to me as a *scaled book*,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river ;
But the odour and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang round its water for ever.

ANON.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

'T WAS evening when I left the vale,
That nursed my boyish years—
My father's manly cheek was pale,
My mother's wet with tears ;
Then borne upon the breeze of night,
I heard the distant bells
Come o'er those waters, coldly bright,
With all their breathing spells ;—
Sweet village bells ! sweet village bells !
With all their breathing spells.

The stars are in the blue sky set,
And light is on the sea,
And some that parted—now are met—
But who shall welcome me ?
They light not home's unwreathed bowers,
Of whom my spirit tells,
Nor come, as when in happier hours
I heard those village bells ;—
Sweet village bells ! sweet village bells !
With all their breathing spells.

ANON.

BEFORE THE DRAWING-ROOM.

I MUST be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day,
I *must* be presented, or what will my cousin
The bride, Lady Mackintosh, say !
She married a man who was knighted last season
For carrying up an address ;
If *she*'s a great lady, you'll own there's no reason,
My lady, why *I* should be less !
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to-day.

Now pray, Lady Susan, don't say that you're poorly,
 'Tis plain that you wish to withdraw;
 You married my brother, and I've a right, surely,
 To go with my sister-in-law!
 And though you consider us vulgar relations,
 Some proper repayment there'll be,
 For Brother Bob's *diamond* and *pearl* presentations,
 In this presentation of *me*.
 I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
 I must be presented to-day.

Look at me, my lady—'t is silly to quarrel,
 You'll own that I'm fit to be seen;
 My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
 (So elegant, yellow and green!)
 My train of blue satin! (judiciously chosen,
 'T will make a pelisse in the spring.)
 And then my red feathers! I'm sure, Lady Susan,
 I *must* be remark'd by the king.
 I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
 I must be presented to-day.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing
 Behind one in folds, I dare say,
 But as for a hoop! Oh, I could not bear going
 To court in that *round-about way*!
 My lappets! nice lace!—what's the use now of buying
 Three yards!—it is quite a take-in;
 And why did you laugh when you saw I was tying
 Them gracefully *under my chin*?
 I must be presented to day, Lady Susan.
 I must be presented to-day

And what's to be done when I stand in the presence?
 Pray tell—I rely upon you;
 Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance,
 "Your majesty, how do you do?"
 To be kiss'd by the king! Lady Susan, assist me,
 I shall not be fit to be seen!

What! kiss me in public! Oh! when he *has* kiss'd me,
I sha'n't dare to look at the queen!
I must be presented to-day, Lady Susan,
I *will* be presented to-day.

T. H. BAILEY.

ON THE DECAY OF BEAUTY.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tints that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew—
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting a wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays;
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud, whereon the Queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath

Are pour'd from the full o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn—
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song,
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies
Like a fairy dream in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound—
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fullness flowing o'er
With a few big drops that are soon repress—
(For short is the stay of grief in her breast):
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there;
When the tide of life from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush is deeply swelling
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in Autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honour the sun at his golden set:
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,

As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long-imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes ;
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrieks in its mother's breast—
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow of her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires ;
And her last fond lingering look is given,
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven ;
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

J. S. PERCIVAL.

THE CRUSADER

HE is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
From the sainted battles of Palestine ;
The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest—
Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast ;
The courser is black as black can be,
Save the brow-star, white as the foam of the sea.
And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,
The last love-gift of his lady fair :
It bore for device a cross and a dove,
And the words, "I am vow'd to my God and my love!"
He comes not back the same that he went,
For his sword has been tried, and his strength has
 been spent ;
His golden hair has a deeper brown,
And his brow has caught a darker frown,
And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread ;

But stately his steps, and his bearing high,
And wild the light of his fiery eye,
And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her
knight ;
But he rides for the home he has pined to see,
In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reach'd the castle—the gate was thrown
Open and wide, but he stood there alone :
He enter'd the door—his own step was all
That echoed within the deserted hall :
He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower ;
And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
Came the scream of the owl on the night-wind borne ;
And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,
And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.
His heart throbb'd high ; oh, never again
Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain !
He never might think on his boyish years
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
Which hope and memory shed when they meet—
The grave of his kindred was at his feet.
He stood alone, the last of his race,
With the cold wide world for his dwelling-place :
The home of his fathers, gone to decay,—
All but their memory was pass'd away ;
No one to welcome, no one to share
The laurel he no more was proud to wear !
He came in the pride of his war-success
But to weep over very desolateness.
They pointed him to a barren plain,
Where his fathers, his brothers, his kinsmen, were
slain ;
They show'd him the lowly grave where slept
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept ;
But they could not show him one living thing
To which his wither'd heart could cling.

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle line ;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he bears is, " I fight for a grave :"
He found it—that warrior has died with the brave !

MISS LONDON.

ADDRESS TO WOMAN.

SYLPH of the blue and beaming eye !
The Muse's fondest wreaths are thine,—
The youthful heart beats warm and high,
And joys to own thy power divine !
Thou shinest on the flowery path
Of youth—and all its pleasures there ;—
Thou soothest man, whene'er he hath
An eye of gloom—a brow of care !

To youth, thou art the early morn,
With " light, and melody, and song,"
To beam around ; each scene adorn ;
And swiftly speed his time along.
To man, thou art the gift of Heaven,
A boon for regions bright above,—
His lot how dark, had ne'er been given
To him the light of woman's love !

When o'er his dark'ning brow the storm
Is gathering in its power and might,
The radiant beam of woman's form
Breaks through the cloud, and all is light :
When dire Disease prepares her wrath
To pour in terror from above,
How gleams upon his gloomy path
The glowing light of woman's love !

When all around is clear and bright,
And pleasure lends her fairest charm,
And man, enraptured with delight,
Feels, as he views, his bosom warm ;
Why glows his heart with joy profuse,
And all his deeds his rapture prove ?
It is, because the scene he views
Through the bright rays of woman's love!

O woman! thine is still the power,
Denied to all but only thee,
To chase away the clouds that lower
To darken life's eventful sea.
Thou light of man! his only joy
Beneath a wide and boundless sky!
Long shall thy praise his tongue employ,
Sylph of the blue and beaming eye!

ANON.

THE MINSTREL'S HOUR.

WHEN day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue,
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the Minstrel loves.

Far in the dimness curtain'd round,
He hears the echoes all
Of rosy vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall ;
And shapes are on his dreaming sight,
That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze
The forest's deep'ning shade,
He hears on Tuscan evening seas
The silver serenade !

Or, to the field of battle borne,
Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between,
To him is but the light
That from some lady's bower of green
Shines on her pilgrim knight,
That feels her spell around him twine,
And hastens home from Palestine.

O, if some wand'ring peasant's song
Come sweeten'd from the vale,
He hears the stately mitred throng
Around the altar's pale ;
Or sees the dark-eyed nuns of Spain,
Bewitching, blooming, young, in vain.

And thus he thinks the hour away
In sweet unworldly folly ;
And loves to see the shades of gray,
That feed his melancholy :
Finding sweet speech and thought in all,
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall !
CROLY.

THE SAILOR.

AN aged Widow, with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea :
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room ; but still it had
A look of comfort : on the white-wash'd walls
Were rang'd her many ocean treasures—shells,
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush
Caught from the sunset on the waters ; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds ;
Long dark sea-weeds, and black and crimson berries,
Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.

Her sailor brought them, when from his first voyage
He came so sun-burnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth.
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table ; and a fragrant air
Came from the window : there stood a rose tree—
Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds, and beautifully blown flowers :
It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane
Where her home stood, the home where yet she
thought

To end her days in peace ;—that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her boy,
Who said that God would bless the efforts made
For his old mother.—Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way
She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles ; and many marvell'd, one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how glad
The sunshine of the country, to the eyes
That look'd so seldom on them. She would sit
Long after service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,
The lane where yet her home might be ; and then
Return with lighten'd heart to her dull street,
Refresh'd with hope and pleasant memories,—
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein, they say, the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct ; pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him.——

A shout awoke the sleeping town, the night
Rang with the fleet's return, and victory !
Men that were slumbering quietly, rose up

And join'd the shout ; the windows gleam'd with
lights,

The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were fill'd with people ; even the lone street
Where the poor widow dwelt was roused, and sleep
Was thought upon no more that night. Next day—
A bright and sunny day it was—high flags
Waved from each steeple, and green boughs were
hung

In the gay market-place ; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph ; and the sea
Was cover'd with proud vessels ; and the boats
Went to-and-fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckon'd from crowded decks to the glad strand
Where the wife waited for her husband,—maids
Threw the bright curls back from their glist'ning eyes,
And look'd their best ;—and as the splashing oar
Brought their dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness !

And there
Stood that old widow woman with the rest,
Watching the ship wherein had sail'd her son.
A boat came from the vessel,—heavily
It toil'd upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipp'd in slowly. As it near'd the beach,
A moaning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they look'd on each ghastly countenance ;
For that lone boat was fill'd with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital—and then
That aged woman saw her son. She pray'd,
And gain'd her prayer, that she might be his nurse,
And take him home. He lived for many days.
It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses,
The roses that were gather'd one by one
For him, by his fond parent nurse ; the last
Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died ! And he was laid
In the same church-yard where his father lay,—

Through which his mother as a bride had pass'd.
 The grave was closed ; but still the widow sat
 Upon a sod beside, and silently
 (Her's was not grief that words had comfort for)
 The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left
 Alone amid the tombs ; but once she look'd
 Towards the shadowy lane, then turn'd again,
 As desolate and sick at heart, to where
 Her help, her hope, her child, lay dead together !
 She went home to her lonely room. Next morn
 Some enter'd it, and there she sat,
 Her white hair hanging o'er the wither'd hands
 On which her pale face leant ; the Bible lay
 Open beside, but blister'd were the leaves
 With two or three large tears, which had dried in :
 Oh, happy she had not survived her child !
 And many pitied her, for she had spent
 Her little savings, and she had no friends ;
 But strangers made her grave in that church-yard,
 And where her sailor slept, there slept his mother !

MISS LONDON.

SMALL TALK.

SMALL talk is indispensable at routs,
 But more so at a little coterie,
 Where friends, in number eight—or thereabout—
 Meet to enjoy loquacity and tea.
 If small talk were abolish'd, I've my doubts
 If ladies would survive to fifty-three ;
 Nor shall the stigma, ladies, fall on you,
 Men love a little bit of small talk too.

What changes there would be, if no tongues ran
 Except in sober sense and conversation ;
 There's many a communicative man
 Would take to silence and to cogitation.
 'T would stop old maids (if aught that's earthly can)
 And cut the thread of many an oration :

Old bachelors would daudle through the day,
And go on in a very humdrum way.

What would become of those who, when at prayers,
Lean down their heads, and whisper in their pews ;
Those at the play who give themselves such airs,
Careful each celebrated speech to lose ?
How would the poor man suffer, who prepares
For small snug parties which he can't refuse ?
What would become of all the gay pursuits,
If all gay people suddenly turn'd mutes ?

Partners at balls would look extremely blue,
While waiting for their turn to point the toe ;
Youths tête-à-tête would scarce know what to do,
Over their juice of grape, or juice of sloe :
Two people in a chaise might travel through
England and Wales—and they in fact might go
Over the continent, and all the way
Be confidential once or twice a-day.

Lovers would think it very hard, I fear,
If sober sense they were condemn'd to speak ;
Husbands and wives a voice would seldom hear,
Unless it happen'd to be washing week ;
The language of the eyes, I think, 'tis clear,
Old married people very seldom seek :
(Couples oft disagree, I'm told)—but this
Is just by way of a parenthesis.

How very peaceable we should be then,
None would have words, even bullies would be
dumb ;
How changed would be the busy hum of men ;
The fame of certain wits would prove a hum ;
Tatlers, deprived of speech, would seize a pen,
They are a nuisance not to be o'ercome ;
Schemers the credulous no more would balk,
For schemes would very rarely end in talk.

These changes are not all ;—I'll not proceed,
 I've mention'd quite enough in my narration ;
 They'd be so universal, that indeed
 They'd baffle any man's investigation.
 To calculate them all—I must exceed
 George Bidder, who is famed for calculation :
 Arithmetic to him's a pleasant game—
 "He lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came !"

T. H. BAILEY.

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

DEAR COUSIN,—I write this in haste,
 To beg you will get for Mamma
 A pot of best Jessamine paste,
 And a pair of shoe-buckles for "Pa,"
 At Exeter Change ;—then just pop
 Into Aldersgate-street for the prints—
 And, while you are there, you can stop
 For a skein of white worsted at Flint's.

Papa wants a new razor-strop,
 And Mamma wants a Chinchelli muff ;
 Little Bobby's in want of a top,
 And my aunt wants six pen'orth of snuff.
 Just call in St. Martin's-le-Grand
 For some goggles for Mary (who squints,)
 Get a pound of bees-wax in the Strand,
 And the skein of white worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there, you may stop
 For some souchong in Monument Yard ;
 And while you are there, you can pop
 Into Mary'bone-street for some lard ;
 And while you are there, you can call
 For some silk, of the latest new tints,
 At the mercer's not far from Whitehall—
 And remember the worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there, 't were as well
 If you'd call in Whitechapel, to see
 For the needles; and then in Pall Mall
 For some lavender-water for me :
 And while you are there, you can go
 To Wapping, to old Mr. Clint's—
 But all this you can easily do,
 When you get the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel, from Bet,
 An old spelling-book to be bound,
 A cornelian brooch to be set,
 And some razors of Pa's to be ground.—
 O dear! what a memory have I—
 Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
 I've forgotten to tell you to buy
 A skein of white worsted at Flint's.

ANON.

EPISTLE TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

THIS morning I sent by the coach
 Your basket of various wants;
 And I trust that I shall not encroach,
 By inclosing a shawl of your aunt's.
 It was sent to be dyed a deep blue,
 But could not—you need not say why—
 For the fact is, (I only tell you,)
 'T was too old and too shabby to dye.

All your excellent pickles are done;
 I am glad that the season draws near,
 When you think of your dear absent one,
 Who cannot partake of your cheer,
 Except in the shape of goose-pie,
 A turkey, or basket of game,
 And such things as one cannot buy—
 In London scarce known but by name :

Such as thick bottled-cream and spice-cake ;
Your wine sours deliciously fine ;
The sweetmeats they tell me you make,
Not to mention your gooseberry wine,
Which Sir Thomas, my intimate friend,
Protested again and again,
(As he begg'd for some more I would send)
Was superior to any Champagne.

A pot of such raspberry jam
As yours, I have sought for in vain ;
And sure such a nice little ham
I never shall meet with again,
As that which was sent by your ma—
Bless me! I had nearly forgot,
To beg you will thank your papa
For the couple of wild-ducks he shot.

I should like you to get me a dog—
Perhaps you've a good one to spare :
You can send it by some stupid log,
That will bring it scot-free ; but take care
That he does not expect a spare bed :
I will give him a dinner, or so—
I got nothing by harbouring Ned,
Some two or three winters ago.

There's a man that makes nice walking-sticks,
It is not many miles from your farm ;
I wish you'd ride over, and fix
On one like my uncle's at Yarm.
And get me a skin nicely dress'd—
A sheep's, buck, or doe's, I don't care ;
For rugs they're decidedly best—
What I purchase in London soon wear.

For my time I have made you no charge,
Nor coach-hire for popping about ;
But I'll not on such trifles enlarge—
You will pay me in some way, no doubt.

Your papa may look out for a horse,
And consult ma—I must not pay dear;
He will think it no trouble, of course,
Remembering for what you send here.

ANON.

TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

SWEET angel of my natal hour!
Thou, to whose tutelary power
My infant days were given!
My bosom friend! companion dear!
For ever kind, for ever near,
While such the will of Heaven!

By thee inspired, the livelong day
Roll'd lightly on in peace and play,
Calm slumbers crown'd the night;
By thee and simple nature drawn,
Ere reason spread her glimmering dawn,
I sought and found delight.

'Twas thou, whene'er I ranged the mead,
That drew me from the poisonous weed
Of tempting purple dye;
That drew me from the fatal brake,
Where, coil'd in speckled pride, the snake
Allured my longing eye.

Ah, why so soon to reason's hand
Didst thou resign the imperial wand,
Why yield the ruling rein?
With thee are all my comforts fled,
And woes on endless woes succeed,
A dire and gloomy train!

Can Zephyr hush the surging seas,
Or whisper silence in a breeze,

When Boreas sweeps the flood?
Can the soft virgin's voice restrain
The midnight howlings of the plain,
When lions roar for food?

So weak is reason to control,
Or soothe the tempests of the soul
When torn by passions wild;
Though soft the sound as zephyr's wing,
That whispers tidings of the spring,
As voice of virgin mild.

Come then, resume thy guardian power,
Sweet angel of my natal hour,
To whom the charge was given!
Once more receive me to thy care,
For ever kind, for ever near,
If such the will of Heaven!

REV. MR. HOYLAND.

TO MY HARP.

OH, my loved harp! companion dear!
Sweet soother of my secret grief,
No more thy sounds my soul must cheer,
No more afford a soft relief.

When anxious cares my heart oppress'd,
When doubts distracting tore my soul,
The pains which heaved my swelling breast
Thy gentle sway could oft control.

Each well-remember'd practised strain,
The cheerful dance, the tender song,
Recall'd, with pensive, pleasing pain,
Some image loved and cherish'd long.

When joy sat smiling o'er my fate,
And mark'd each bright and happy day,
When partial friends around me sate,
And taught my lips the simple lay:

And when, by disappointment grieved,
I saw some darling hope o'erthrown,
Thou hast my secret pain relieved;
O'er thee I wept, unseen, alone.

Oh! must I leave thee, must we part,
Dear partner of my happiest days?
I may forget thy much-loved art,
Unused thy melody to raise;

But ne'er can memory cease to love
Those scenes where I thy charms have felt,
Though I no more thy power may prove,
Which taught my soften'd heart to melt.

Forced to forego with thee this spot,
Endear'd by many a tender tie,
When rosy pleasure bless'd my lot,
And sparkled in my cheated eye;

Yet still thy strings, in fancy's ear,
With soothing melody shall play;
Thy silver sounds I oft shall hear,
To pensive gloom a silent prey.

MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

FUNERAL HYMN.

O BEAUTIFUL the streams
That through our valleys run,
Singing and dancing in the gleams
Of summer's cloudless sun!

The sweetest of them all
From its fairy banks is gone;
And the music of the waterfall
Hath left the silent stone!

Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.
The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath wither'd in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing;
When happy in their harmless loves
How tenderly they sing!
O'er all the rest was heard
One wild and mournful strain,
But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird,
She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-tree's gloom
I saw a sleeping dove!
On the silence of her silvery plume
The sunlight lay in love:
The grove seem'd all her own
Round the beauty of that breast,
But the startled dove afar is flown!
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
And shades their peaceful eyes!
The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth
With pure and dewy ray,
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.
O empty all the heaven!
Though a thousand lights be there,—
For clouds o'er the evening star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair!

What! though the stream be dead,—
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air groves of the sky.
What! though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What! though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel hymn.
What! though the dark tree smile
No more—with our dove's calm sleep,
She folds her wing on a sunny isle
In heaven's untroubled deep!

True that our beauteous doe
Hath left her still retreat,—
But purer now in heavenly snow
She lies at Jesus' feet.
O star! untimely set,
Why should we weep for thee?
The bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 't was bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother shuddering closed her ears:
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying, thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout for joy?"
She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh!
She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I look'd and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learnt too well
What 't is to be an Orphan Boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed—
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
 Lady, you weep!—Ha!—this to me?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
 Look down, dear parents! look and see
 Your happy, happy Orphan Boy.

MRS. OPIE.

THE POET'S RETREAT.

Oh! not in stately halls or gilded rooms,
 Or crowded city, would I dwell with thee!
 But in a lowly cottage, not so high
 But that the jessamine could reach the roof,
 And in a lonely valley, paint thee, love!
 And a small white dwelling, in a paradise
 Of many-colour'd flowers; at the door
 Should be a little porch of honeysuckle;
 The lattices should have no other blinds
 Than branches of red roses. In the room
 A lute be placed, where music should be heard
 Together with the woodlark's evening song;
 Fresh flowers in green rush baskets; and some books
 O'er which the spirit of sweet Poesy
 Had shed his soul of beauty and of passion;
 And landscapes on the walls—landscapes that gave
 The skies of other nations—rock, and storm,
 And mountain-torrent—and black woods where dwell
 The dark banditti; so that we might prize
 Still more the quiet of our own calm home.
 Our garden should be beautiful—but ours
 The only hands that made it beautiful.
 We would be proud of it. Our crocuses
 (Those golden promisers of April's wealth)
 Should be the first in spring, and ours the rose
 That bloom'd the last in autumn. In the shade

Of an old ash, whose boughs hung o'er a bed
Of purple violets, we'd place our hive
Of bees, and plant a sweetbrier by the stand.
Around, the country should be pleasant fields,
Corn and green meadows, and their hedges rich
With the luxuriant May and wilding rose ;
And in the summer-time, wood strawberries,
Mix'd with the azure bird's-eye at their roots.
Away, yet still the village should be seen
Visible, peeping from the tall elm trees,
With its white church and sunset-gilded spire.
And there should be a little brook, o'erhung
With graceful willows, and the water-lily
Upon its calm cold surface ; and at noon
Its ripple would come musical and low,
Mix'd with the wood-dove's plaining to her mate.
I could be happy anywhere with thee !
But this, dear love !—this would be Paradise !

ANON.

THE RAINBOW.

THE sudden storm has pass'd away,
And the resplendent orb of day,
Sheds once again his smiling ray
 Upon the deepening azure sky ;
While on the dark retreating cloud,
Folded and thick as sable shroud,
At once the rainbow's beauties crown
 The heaven-born pomp and brilliancy.

Oh, how the sun's pure lustre gleams !
'Tis like religion's heavenly beams
When its descending glory streams
 Upon the weeping world below ;
And, broken thus, its light appears
As shining through the vale of tears,
'Ting'd with our mortal hopes and fears,
 It takes each shade of joy or woe.

The first pale yellow tint of light
Is trembling Fear, that shrinks from sight ;
But deepening to the saffron bright,
 Its golden ray betokens Joy :
While Hope assumes the violet hue,
And holy Love, sublime and true,
Is mark'd by that celestial blue
 That knows not earth or earth's alloy.

And meek Humility is seen
Emblem'd upon the modest green ;
While Reason's calm imperial mien
 Upon the purple tinge is shed :
And spurning even her mild control
With light that seems to crown the whole,
The Zeal that fires the ardent soul
 Burns brightly in the glowing red.

The splendid tints are fading—gone !
The dazzled eye can trace not one :
It sees the sunny beams alone
 That in their hueless lustre shine :
And thus, when this vain scene is o'er,
And earthly thoughts and passions pour
Their drops upon its light no more,
 Religion will be all divine !

ANON.

THE STAR

How brilliant on the Ethiop brow of Night
Burns yon fix'd star, whose intermitting rays,
Like woman's changeful eye, now shun our gaze,
And now break forth in all the life of light !
Far fount of beams ! thou scarce art to the sight,
In size, a spangle on the Tyrian stole
Of Majesty, 'mid hosts more mildly bright,
Although of worlds the centre and the soul !

Sure, 't was a thing for angels to have seen,
When God did hang those lustres through the sky ;
And Darkness, turning pallid, sought to screen
With dusky wing her dazed and haggard eye ;—
But 't was in vain—for, pierced with light, she died ;
And now her timid ghost dares only brood
O'er planets in their midnight solitude,
Doom'd all the day in ocean's caves to hide.
Thou burning axle of a mighty wheel !
Dost thou afflict the beings of thy ray
With feelings such as we on earth must feel—
Pride, passion, envy, hatred, agony ?
Doth any weep o'er blighted hope ? or curse
That hour thy light first usher'd them to life ?
Or malice, keener than the assassin's knife,
Stab in the dark ? or hollow friendship, worse,
Skill'd round the heart with viper coil to wind,
Forsake, and leave his sleepless sting behind !
No ! If I deem'd it, I should cease to look
Beyond the scene where thousands know such ills ;
Nor longer read that brightly-letter'd book
Which heaven unfolds, whose page of beauty fills
The breast with hope of an immortal lot,
When tears are dried, and injuries forgot.
Oh, then the soul, no longer earthward weigh'd,
Shall soar tow' rds heaven on exulting wing.
Among the joys past Fancy's picturing,
It may be one to scan, through space display'd,
Those wondrous works our blindness now debar—
The awful secrets written in the stars.

READ.

APPROACH OF EVENING.

NIGHT's wing is on the east—the clouds repose
Like weary armies of the firmament,
Encamp'd beneath their vanes of pearl and rose,
Till the wind's sudden trumpet through them sent,
Shakes their pavilions, and their pomps are blent

In rich confusion. Now the air is fill'd
With thousand odours, sigh'd by blossoms bent
In closing beauty, where the dew distill'd
From Evening's airy urns their purple lips has chill'd.

Twilight has come in saffron mists embower'd,
For the broad sun on the Atlantic surge,
Now sparkling in the fiery flashes shower'd
From his swift wheels—the forest vapours urge
Their solemn wings above—white stars emerge
From the dark east, like spires of mountain snows
Touch'd by the light upon th' horizon's verge;
Just rising from her sleep, the young Moon shows,
Supine upon the clouds, her cheeks suffused with rose.

This is the loveliest hour of all that Day
Calls upwards through its kingdom of the air.—
The sights and sounds of earth have died away;
Above, the clouds are roll'd against the glare
Of the red west—high volumed waves, that war
Against a diamond promontory's side.
Crested with one sweet, solitary star,
That like a watch-fire trembles o'er the tide,
Bright'ning with every shade that on its surge doth
ride.

CROLY.

THE WINTER ROSE.

HAIL, and farewell, thou lovely guest,
I may not woo thy stay,
The hues that paint thy glowing vest
Are fading fast away,
Like the retiring tints that die
At evening on the western sky,
And melt in misty gray.

It was but now thy radiant smile
Broke through the season's gloom,
As, bending, I inhaled a while
Thy breathing of perfume;

And traced on every silken leaf
A tale of summer, sweet and brief,
And sudden as thy doom.

The morning sun thy petals hail'd
New from their mossy cell,
At eve his beam, in sorrow veil'd,
Bade thee a last farewell ;
To-morrow's ray shall mark the spot
Where, loosen'd from their fairy knot,
Thy withering beauties fell.

Alas ! on thy forsaken stem
My heart shall long recline,
And mourn the transitory gem,
And make the story mine ;
So on my joyless winter hour
Has oped some fair and fragrant flower,
With smile as soft as thine.

Like thee, the vision came and went,
Like thee, it bloom'd and fell,
In momentary pity sent
Of fairer climes to tell,
So frail its form, so short its stay,
That naught the lingering heart could say
But, Hail, and Fare thee well !

ANON.

ON THE STARRY FIRMAMENT.

I GAZE upon yon orbs of light—
The countless stars that gem the sky ;
Each in its sphere serenely bright,
Wheeling its course—how silently !
While in the mantle of the night
Earth, and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur, can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow space,
This prison of mortality ?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight—
A good that vanisheth away.

Awake, ye mortals ! raise your eyes
To these eternal starry spheres ;
Look on these glories of the skies,
And see how poor this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities—
With all its hopes and all its fears.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps, so brightly shining
Through the unbounded void of space—
A hand unseen their course assigning—
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining :

Who sees the silver chariot move
Of the bright moon ; and, gliding slow,
The star whose influence from above
Sheds knowledge on the world below ;
And the resplendent Queen of Love
All bright and beautifully glow :

Or, where the angry God of War
Rolls fiercely on his bloody way,
And near the mild majestic star
That o'er the gods of old held sway ;
That beams his radiance from afar,
And calms the heavens beneath his ray :

Where Saturn shows his distant beam,
 God of the golden days of yore ;
 Or where the countless stars, that seem
 Thick as the sand upon the shore,
 From their eternal seats a stream
 Of glory and of radiance pour :

Who that hath seen these splendours roll,
 And gazed on this majestic scene,
 But sigh'd to 'scape this world's control,
 Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
 To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
 And pass the gulf that yawn'd between ?

ANON.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky ;
 The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby ;
 Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
 Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound :
 For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
 Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
 And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
 The babe, the sleeping image of his Sire.

A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
 The day again, and gladness fill the vale :
 So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
 Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
 Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin ;
 The ale, new brew'd, in floods of amber shine ;
 And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
 'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
 The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
 " 'T was on these knees he sat so oft, and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees

Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scatter'd round ; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch, with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze ; and, gazing, bless the scene ;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas ! not in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower :
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy had been ;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing, to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
 And such is human life ; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !

ROGERS.

TO TWILIGHT.

FRIEND of the pensive wand'rer, Twilight, hail !
 I joy to see thee roll thy sea of clouds
 Athwart the crimson throne
 Of the departing sun.

For then, what various objects, dimly seen,
 By wonder-working Fancy touch'd, acquire
 An awe-inspiring air,
 And urge Fear's hurried step.

Lo ! thine attendant, the low-sailing bat,
 Flaps his brown wing, begins his circling flight ;
 E'en Midnight's tuneful bird,
 To hail thee, pours her strain.

I love thy simple garb : no brilliant stars
 Adorn thy dusky vest, unlike to that
 Worn by thy sister Night,
 Save when she reigns in storms.

Nor canst thou boast the many-tinted robe
Worn by thy beauteous herald, dewy Eve,
Thine is a veil of gray,
Meet for the cloister'd maid.

Thou nurse of saddening thoughts, prolong thy stay,
Let me adore thee still! Eve's glowing grace,
Night's fire-embroider'd vest,
Alike displease my eye.

For I am sorrow's child, and thy cold showers,
Thy mist-encircled forms, thy doubtful shapes,
Wake a responsive chord
Within my troubled soul.

For, oh! to me futurity appears
Wrapt in a chilling veil of glooms and mists,
Nor seems one tint or star
To deck her furrow'd brow;

But slowly cross her path, imperfect shapes
Of danger—sorrow, frenzy, and despair,
Force their uneasy way,
And pale my cold, sunk cheek.

But see—the unwelcome Moon unveils her head,
(Those hours are gone in which I hail'd her beams)
Distinctness spreads around,
And minnie day appears.

I loathe the cheerful sight, as still my fate,
O Twilight! bears a hue resembling thine;
And, envy-struck, I shun
The scene I cannot share.

I'll to my couch, yet not, alas! to rest;
By artificial gloom I'll suit my soul;
And e'en from pity hide
My dim and sleepless eyes.

MRS. OPIE.

TO A LADY.

LADY, too fair! the sleepless mariner,

With anxious heart, scanneth the midnight sky,
On one bright star alone, though hosts shine near,
Fixing his eye.

For, though the sea in cloud-high waves may rise,

Though the storm rage, and felon winds rebel,
He knows that sweet star beameth in the skies
Unchangeable.

Alas! for him who life's rough sea would try,

Fixing his gaze on meteors blazing far,
Making the changeful beam of beauty's eye
His polar star.

The seaman trusts, indeed, nor trusts in vain,

For constant are the bright-eyed host of heaven;
While the swift changing of the fickle main
To beauty's given.

But thou! who in the pride of beauty brave,

Shinest brighter than the fairest star on high,
Take not *thy* pattern from the fickle wave,
But from the sky.
ANON.

SONG FOR MAY-DAY.

It is May! it is May!

And all earth is gay,

For at last old Winter is quite away;
He linger'd a while in his cloak of snow,
To see the delicate primrose blow;

He saw it, and made no longer stay—

And now it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
And we bless the day
When we first delightfully so can say.
April had beams amid her showers,
Yet bare were her gardens, and cold her bowers;
And her frown would blight, and her smile
betray—
But now it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
And the slenderest spray
Holds up a few leaves to the ripening ray;
And the birds sing fearlessly out on high,
For there is not a cloud in the calm blue sky;
And the villagers join their roundelay—
For, O! it is May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
And the flowers obey
The beams which alone are more bright than they:
Up they spring at the touch of the sun,
And opening their sweet eyes, one by one,
In a language of beauty they seem all to say—
And of perfumes—"Tis May! it is May!

It is May! it is May!
And delights, that lay
Chill'd and enchain'd beneath Winter's sway,
Break forth again o'er the kindling soul,
And soften and soothe it, and bless it whole:
Oh! thoughts more tender than words convey,
Sigh out—It is May! it is May!

ANON.

THE FALLEN STAR.

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!
There is a blank in heaven!
One of the cherub-choir has done
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there ;
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were past,
With a cherubic sigh
He vanish'd with his car at last—
For even cherubs die.

Hark how his angel-brethren mourn,
The minstrels of the spheres !
Each chiming sadly in his turn,
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all
Join in the mournful song,
And weep their hapless brother's fall
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
The lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass-according hand
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the bright chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-bound cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from heaven.

ANON.

TO HER DAUGHTER ADA.

THINE is the smile, and thine the bloom,
Where hope might fancy ripen'd charms;
But mine is dyed in memory's gloom—
Thou art not in a father's arms!

And there I could have loved thee most,
And there have own'd thou wert so dear,
That, though my worldly all were lost,
I still had *felt* my life was *here*!

What art thou now?—A monument,
Which rose to weep o'er buried love;—
A fond and filial mourner, sent
To dream of ties, restored above!

Thou, Dove! who may'st not find a rest,
Save in this frail and shatter'd bark,
A lonely mother's offer'd breast,—
May Heaven provide a surer ark,

To bear thee over Sorrow's waves,
Which deluge still this world below!
Till thou, through Him alone that saves,
A holier Ararat shalt know.

Nor think me frozen, if for thee
No *earthly* wish now claims a part—
Too dear such wish; too vain to me;
Thou art not in a father's heart!

LADY BYRON.

THE DOVE.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care
From pride and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE ON THE MIND.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ærial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering fields below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain of its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,
Thus from afar each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been!
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah! no; she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;

Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light
That pours remotest rapture on the sight ;
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

Primeval Hope, the Aöonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay,
When every form of death and every woe
Shot from malignant stars to earth below,
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,
And Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again—
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,
The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away !

CAMPBELL.

REFLECTIONS ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE
OF RETIREMENT.

Low was our pretty Cot : our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear,
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The Sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The VALLEY of SECLUSION ! Once I saw
(Hallowing the Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen : methought it calm'd
His thirst of gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings : for he paused, and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our Cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a Blessed Place.
And we *were* bless'd. Oft with a patient ear,
Long-list'ning to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones
I've said to my beloved, "Such, sweet girl !
'The unobtrusive song of Happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hush'd,
And the Heart listens !"

But the time, when first
From that lone dell, steep up the stony mount
I climb'd with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,
Oh ! what a goodly scene ! *Here* the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep,
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields ;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks,
And seats and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city spire,
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
 It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple: the whole world
 Seem'd *imaged* in its vast circumference.
 No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
 Blest hour! It was a Luxury,—to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime!
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
 That I should dream away th' intrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use?
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of one, he lifts from earth:
 And he, that works me good with unmoved face,
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
 My benefactor, not my brother man!
 Yet even this cold beneficence
 Seizes my praise when I reflect on those
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies!
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honourable toil
 Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear Cot!
 Thy jasmine and thy window-peeping rose,
 And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air,
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode!
 Ah! none had greater! and that all had such!
 It might be so—but the time is not yet—
 Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

COLERIDGE.

TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

SWEET Flowers ! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' wat'ry skies ;

Retire, Retire ! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May ;
That sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo ! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas ! for such ungentle doom !
But I will shield you ; and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come, then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers ! But did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride.

For there has liberal Nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art ;
And added, to the vigorous mind,
The soft, the sympathizing heart.—

Come, then—ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away ;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think, that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share,—
Years of anxiety repaid
By one short hour of transport there!

More blest than me, thus shall ye live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

GIFFORD.

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE
PRECEDING.

I WISH I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour, affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! for when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void,
A waste unlovely, and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

I did it ; and would fate allow
Should visit still, should still deplore,—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas ! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine ;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye ;

Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good humour—can they fade ?

GIFFORD.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

I DREAM'D—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets in a garden playing ;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

T was changed. One summer's day I stepp'd aside,
To let him pass ; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden whom he call'd " his Bride !"

Once more ; 't was autumn, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding,
And in the midst I mark'd the smiling Sire.

The heavens were clouded !—and I heard the tone
Of a slow moving bell—the white-haired man
was gone !

ANON.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE shades of night at distance fled,
The air was calm, the wind was still ;
And slow the slanting sun-beam spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From floating clouds of pearly hue,
Fell, in light drops, the recent shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree, and every flower.

And from the Blackbird's mellow throat
Was pour'd so long and loud a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain side, and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of delighted May,
The Butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendour on the day !

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew ;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textured wings enfold,
With all the rainbow's colours bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the breeze the vital flood,
And wonder'd at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broider'd wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail ;
Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the vernal gale.

Go! child of pleasure, range the fields,
Share all the joys that Spring can give ;
Partake what bounteous Summer yields,
And live while yet 'tis time to live.

Go, sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honey'd cup explore ;
From flower to flower, the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store.

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments, too, of short repose ;
And mark thee then, with fresh delight,
Thy golden pinions ope and close.

But hark ! while thus I musing stand,
Swells on the gale an airy note,
And, breathing from a viewless band,
Soft, silvery tones around me float.

They cease ; but still a voice I hear,
A whisper'd voice of hope and joy ;
"Thy fated hour approaches near,
Prepare thee, Mortal ! thou must die !

Yet start not—on thy closing eyes,
Another day shall still unfold,
A sun of brighter radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

Shall the poor worm, that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in Nature's train,
Thus *rise again* to life and light,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
Her beauteous wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless man, to earth allied.

Like thee this happy reptile lived,
Like thee he toil'd, like thee he spun;
Like thine his closing hour arrived,
His labour ceased, his web was done.

And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or may not he who moulded thine
Relume at will the vital flame?

Go, Mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,
Frail child of earth, high heir to heaven!"

ROSCOE.

POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood-street, when day-light appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years,
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
 A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
 Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
 And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
 Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
 And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
 The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in Heaven ;—but they fade,
 The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
 The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
 And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes.

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound ;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
 ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
 Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,
 And pale, but lovely with maternal grief,
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
 In the sad midnight, while my heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed ;
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
The fair-hair'd daughter of the isles is laid,
The love of millions ! How we did intrust
Futurity to her ! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to shepherds' eyes :—'t was but a meteor
deem'd.

BYRON.

MEDORA'S DEATH.

HIS steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold !
He turn'd not—spoke not, sunk not—fix'd his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook :
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know—but dare not own, we gaze in vain ;
In life itself, she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there ;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,
In that last gasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep :
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow—
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurks
below—

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that last long eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips!
Yet—yet they seem, as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose—but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier.
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

BYRON.

ADDRESS TO THE ALHAMBRA.

PALACE of beauty! where the Moorish lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a genie in the diamond's blaze.
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The "thousand," milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king;
And through thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn—thy evening lovelier still,
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,

And the rich bordering beds of every bloom,
That breathes to African or Indian sky.
Carnation, tuberoses, thick anemones,
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would come,
Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,
That see, and shrink, and yet *will* seek their doom.
Then was the harping of the minstrels heard
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eye-ball rear'd,
And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,
Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd;
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
Doom'd by the Moslem scymetar to fall,
Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,
That had no rival and no second?—gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle? that but blown
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall,
Brought every charger barbed from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore,
Waiting the waving of thy torch, to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain!
Queen of earth's loveliness! there was a stain
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore,
Thy course was bright, bold, treacherous—and 'tis o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne!

CROLY.

THE KEEPSAKE.

OH! knowest thou why, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of Time retrieve—
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencill'd rose,
Or sever'd ringlet, meet the eye ;
Or India's sparkling gems inclose
The talisman of sympathy !

“ Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake !”
On fancy's ear still breathes the sound ;
Ne'er time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell Affection bound !

ANON.

THE POWER OF GOD.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee !
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord;
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die,
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy!

WORDSWORTH.

TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul,
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!
May its verdure like emeralds be,
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest;
But nor cypress, nor yew let us see;
For why should we mourn for the blest?
BYRON.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze:

Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

TO THE MORNING LARK.

FEATHER'D lyric! warbling high,
 Sweetly gaining on the sky—
 Opening with thy matin lay,
 Nature's hymn, the eye of day,
 Teach my soul, on early wing,
 Thus to soar, and thus to sing!

While the bloom of orient light
 Guides thee in thy tuneful flight,
 May the Day-spring from on high,
 Seen by Faith's religious eye,
 Cheer me with his vital ray,
 Promise of eternal day!

ANON.

THE BIBLE A GUIDE.

WHAT is the world? a wildering maze,
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways
 Her victims to ensnare;
 All broad and winding, and aslope,
 All tempting with perfidious hope,
 All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night.
One humble path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible—he alone who hath
The Bible need not stray.
But he who hath and will not give
That light of life to all who live,
Himself shall lose the way.

MONTGOMERY.

THE GARDEN.

I HAD a Garden when a child ;
I kept it all in order ;
'T was full of flowers as it could be,
And London-pride was its border.
And soon as came the pleasant Spring,
The singing birds built in it ;
The Blackbird and the Throstle-cock,
The Woodlark and the Linnet.
And all within my Garden ran
A labyrinth-walk so mazy ;
In the middle there grew a yellow Rose ;
At each end a Michaelmas Daisy.

I had a tree of Southern Wood,
And two of bright Mezereon ;
A Poeny root, a snow-white Phlox,
And a branch of red Valerian ;
A Lilac tree, and a Guelder-Rose ;
A Broom, and a Tiger-lily ;
And I walk'd a dozen miles to find
The true wild Daffodilly.

I had Columbines, both pink and blue,
And Thalictrum like a feather;
And the bright Goat's-beard, that shuts its leaves
Before a change of weather.

I had Marigolds, and Gilliflowers,
And Pinks all Pinks exceeding;
I'd a noble root of Love-in-a-mist,
And plenty of Love-lies-bleeding.

I'd Jacob's Ladder, Aaron's Rod,
And the Peacock-Gentianella;
I had Asters more than I can tell,
And Lupins blue and yellow.

I set a grain of Indian Corn,
One day in an idle humour,
And the grain sprung up six feet or more,
My glory for a summer.

I found far off in the pleasant fields,
More flowers than I can mention;
I found the English Asphodel,
And the spring and autumn Gentian.

I found the Orchis, fly and bee,
And the Cistus of the mountain;
And the Money-wort, and the Adder's tongue,
Beside an old wood fountain.

I found within another wood,
The rare Pyrola blowing:
For wherever there was a curious flower
I was sure to find it growing.

I set them in my garden beds,
Those beds I loved so dearly,
Where I labour'd after set of sun,
And in summer mornings early.

O my pleasant garden-plot!—
A shrubbery was beside it,
And an old and mossy Apple-tree,
With a woodbine wreathed to hide it.

There was a bower in my garden-plot,
A Spiræa grew before it;
Behind it was a Laburnum tree,
And a wild Hop clamber'd o'er it.

Oft-times I sat within my bower,
Like a king in all his glory;
Oft-times I read, and read for hours,
Some pleasant wondrous story.

I read of Gardens in old times,
Old, stately Gardens, kingly,
Where people walk'd in gorgeous crowds,
Or for silent musing, singly.

I raised up visions in my brain,
The noblest and the fairest;
But still I loved my Garden best,
And thought it far the rarest.

And all among my flowers I walk'd,
Like a miser 'mid his treasure;
For the pleasant plot of Garden ground
Was a world of endless pleasure.
HOWITT.

THE TRUE STORY OF WEB-SPINNER.

WEB-SPINNER was a miser old,
Who came of low degree;
His body was large, his legs were thin,
And he kept bad company;

And his visage had the evil look
Of a black felon grim;
To all the country he was known,
But none spoke well of him.

His house was seven stories high,
In a corner of the street,
And it always had a dirty look,
When other homes were neat;

Up in his garret dark he lived,
And from the windows high
Look'd out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers by.

Most people thought he lived alone;
Yet many have averr'd,
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard;

And that none living left his gate,
Although a few went in,
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripp'd him to the skin;

And though he pray'd for mercy,
Yet mercy ne'er was shown—
The miser cut his body up,
And pick'd him bone from bone.

Thus people said, and all believed
The dismal story true;
As it was told to me, in truth,
I tell it so to you.

There was an ancient widow—
One Madgy, de la Moth,
A stranger to the man, or she
Had not gone there in troth;

But she was poor, and wander'd out
At nightfall in the street,
To beg from rich men's tables
Dry scraps of broken meat.

So she knock'd at old Web-Spinner's door,
With a modest tap, and low,
And down stairs came he speedily,
Like an arrow from a bow.

"Walk in, walk in, mother!" said he,
And shut the door behind—
She thought for such a gentleman,
That he was wondrous kind;

But ere the midnight clock had toll'd,
Like a tiger of the wood,
He had eaten the flesh from off her bones,
And drank of her heart's blood!

Now after this fell deed was done,
A little season's space,
The burly Baron of Bluebottle
Was riding from the chase:

The sport was dull, the day was hot,
The sun was sinking down,
When wearily the Baron rode
Into the dusty town.

Says he, "I'll ask a lodging
At the first house I come to;"
With that the gate of Web-Spinner
Came suddenly in view;

Loud was the knock the Baron gave—
Down came the churl with glee,
Says Bluebottle, "Good sir, to-night
I ask your courtesy;

I'm wearied with a long day's chase—
My friends are far behind."

"You may need them all," said Web-Spinner,
"It runneth in my mind."

"A Baron am I," says Bluebottle ;
"From a foreign land I come."

"I thought as much," said Web-Spinner,
"Fools never stay at home!"

Says the Baron, "Churl, what meaneth this?
I defy ye, villain base!"
And he wish'd the while in his inmost heart
He was safely from the place.

Web-Spinner ran and lock'd the door,
And a loud laugh, laughed he ;
With that each one on the other sprang,
And they wrestled furiously.

The Baron was a man of might,
A swordsman of renown ;
But the Miser had the stronger arm,
And kept the Baron down :

Then out he took a little cord,
From a pocket at his side,
And with many a crafty, cruel knot
His hands and feet he tied ;

And bound him down unto the floor,
And said in savage jest,
"There's heavy work in store for you ;
So, Baron, take your rest!"

Then up and down his house he went,
Arranging dish and platter,
With a dull heavy countenance,
As if nothing were the matter.

At length he seized on Bluebottle,
That strong and burly man,
And with many and many a desperate tug,
To hoist him up began:

And step by step, and step by step,
He went with heavy tread;
But ere he reach'd the garret door,
Poor Bluebottle was dead!

Now all this while, a Magistrate,
Who lived the house hard by,
Had watch'd Web-Spinner's cruelty
Through a window privily:

So in he burst, through bolts and bars,
With a loud and thundering sound,
And vow'd to burn the house with fire,
And level it with the ground;

But the wicked churl, who all his life
Had look'd for such a day,
Pass'd through a trap-door in the wall,
And took himself away:

But where he went no man could tell;
'T was said that underground,
He died a miserable death,
But his body ne'er was found.

They pull'd his house down stick and stone,—
"For a caitiff vile as he,"
Said they, "within our quiet town
Shall not a dweller be!"

HOWITT.

DEPARTURE.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

MOORE.

BEAUTY.

YE tradeful merchants! that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil;
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For lo! my love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with virtues manifold.

SPENSER.

EFFECT OF BEAUTY.

SHE was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The morning star of memory.

BYRON.

A CHARACTER.

PURE in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And injured makes forgiveness her delight.

COWPER.

SINGING BIRDS.

EVERY copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel the day.

THOMSON.

NATURAL MUSIC.

TEN thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud;
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

AN EXPRESSIVE EYE.

SUCH was Zuleika! such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone:
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

BYRON.

THE MOTHER'S SOLACE.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be,
In form and soul; but ah! more bless'd than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.”

CAMPBELL.

THE FATHER'S JOY.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonder yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me!
Yet this was in my nature :—as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

BYRON.

CONSCIENCE.

THE mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And madd'ning in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

BYRON.

THE RURAL MAID.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame :)
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost,
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

GAY.

GOING TO CHURCH.

SOME go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to doze and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

ANON.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place,
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find.

GREEN.

A NEGATIVE CHARACTER.

WITH every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, "what can Chloe want?"—she wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.

POPE.

THE LANDSCAPE.

EVER charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low,
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each gave each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

DYER.

SOLITUDE.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flowers a couch had
 strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest
 tears.

CAMPBELL.

RAILLERY.

ABOVE all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that task design:
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;

For all must grant it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart,
No wit alone, nor humour's self will do.
Without good nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime ;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.

STILLINGFLEET.

POLITENESS.

STUDY, with care, politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech :
In vain formality with matron mien,
And pertness apes with her familiar grin :
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain :
She moves with easy though with measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace.

STILLINGFLEET.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array ;
Read what those buds disclose—
" *Passing away.* "

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day ;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
" *Passing away.* "

It is written on the trees
As their young leaves glist'ning play ;
And on the brighter things than these—
“Passing away.”

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
“Passing away.”

It is written on the *heart*—
Alas! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part!
“Passing away.”

Friends, friends! oh! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
With the thoughts that in them lay,
When they meet beneath the skies
Which pass away?

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show,
To pass away.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE GIFT OF A BIBLE.

BEHOLD that Book,—o'er which, from ancient time,
Sad penitence hath pour'd the prayerful breath,
And meek devotion bow'd with joy sublime,
And Nature arm'd her for the strife of death,
And trembling Hope renew'd her wreath divine,
And Faith an anchor gain'd :—that holy Book is thine.

Behold the Book,—whose sacred truths to spread,

Christ's heralds toil beneath a foreign sky,
Pouring its blessings o'er the heathen's head,

A martyr-courage kindling in their eye.
Wide o'er the globe its glorious light must shine,
As glows the arch of heaven:—that holy Book is
thine.

Here search with humble heart, and ardent eye,

Where plants of peace, in bloom celestial grow,
Here breathe to Mercy's ear the contrite sigh,

And bid the soul's unsullied fragrance flow,
To Him who shuts the rose at even-tide,
And opes its dewy eye when earliest sunbeams glide.

May heaven's pure spirit touch thy youthful heart,

And guide thy feet through life's eventful lot,
That when from this illusive scene I part,

And in my grave lie mould'ring and forgot,
This my first gift, like golden link may join
Thee to that angel-band around the throne divine.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE PARTING.

"One struggle more, and I am free."

Byron.

LEAVE me, oh! leave me!—unto all below,
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell,
Thou makest these mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace.

Leave me! thy footstep with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,

Wake in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong, for aught that loves and dies, to bear.
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart!

Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission from my thoughts depart.
Dear one! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days,
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee ;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom,
They speak of life, of summer, and of thee—
Too much—and death is here !

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beach roots flashing into day?
Are the broad lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
—Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness—
Bearing all strength away!

Leave me! thou comest between my heart and
 Heaven!
 I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die :
 Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven!
 —Return!—thy parting wakes my agony!
 Oh! yet awhile delay!

MRS. HEMANS.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

SHE stands amidst the glittering crowd,
The same in form and face,
As when at first her sweet cheek glow'd,
Even in this very place,
The same bright tresses bind her brow,
The same rich pearls her hair,
Her lip is just as roseate now,
Her hands as soft and fair.

She looks the same young radiant bride
As when we saw her first,
When in her flush of happiest pride
Upon our eyes she burst ;
And even now she leans, as then,
Upon her husband's arm :
Yes—'t is the very same again,
With every faultless charm.

Yet there 's a change—her eyes are still
Most beautiful and bright ;
But they seem beneath their lids, to fill
With softer, tenderer light.
Her voice is sweet, and rich, and low,
But just as musical ;
But 't is grown more like a river's flow,
Than a fountain's laughing fall

Still, still she smiles as radiantly,
When friends are speaking near :
But in her smile there 's less of glee
And more of bliss sincere.
'T is not the brilliant scene around
That her quiet heart beguiles :
In her pure spirit may be found
The fountain of her smiles.

Now, ever and anon, her eye
Is fix'd on vacancy,
And she seems to listen earnestly;
For, 'midst the revelry,
In fancy comes an infant's wail,
Or its murmuring in its sleep;
And the splendid hall seems cold and pale,
When such visions o'er her creep.

And though the scene is very fair,
She wearies for her home,
And thinks the hour to take her there
Will never, never come!
She, who once watch'd the time in pain,
That would too quickly flow,—
Oh, sure she might be *gayer* then,
But she is *happier* now!

ANON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

HAST thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,
And counted the sands that under it be?
Hast thou measured the height of heaven above?
Then may'st thou mete out a mother's love.

Hast thou talk'd with the blessed of leading on
To the throne of God some wandering son?
Hast thou witness'd the angels' bright employ?
Then may'st thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watch'd the bee
Go forth on her errand of industry?
The bee for herself hath gather'd and toil'd,
But the mother's cares are all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller, in thought, afar,
From pole to pole, and from star to star?
Thou hast; but on ocean, earth or sea,
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand inspiring thought,
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,
There is not a feeling pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

And ever, since earth began, that look
Has been to the wise an open book,
To win them back from the loss they prize,
To the holier love that edifies.

There are teachings on earth and sky and air,
The heavens the glory of God declare ;
But louder than voice beneath, above,
He is heard to speak in a mother's love.

MRS. HEMANS.

BURNING LETTERS.

FIRE, my hand is on the key,
And the cabinet must ope !
I shall now consign to thee
Things of grief—of joy and hope.
Treasured secrets of the heart
To thy care I hence intrust ;
Not a word must thou impart,
But reduce them all to dust !

This—in childhood's rosy morn,
It was gaily fill'd and sent ;
Childhood is for ever gone !
Here ! devouring element.
This was friendship's cherish'd pledge—
Friendship took a colder form :
Creeping on its gilded edge,
May the blaze be live and warm !

These—the letter and the token,
Never more must meet my view :
When the faith has once been broken,
Let the memory perish too !

Here comes up the blotted leaf,
Blister'd o'er by many a tear!
Hence! thou waking shade of grief!
Go, for ever, disappear!

This was penn'd while purest joy
Warm'd the breast and lit the eye:
Fate that peace did soon destroy;
And its transcript so must I!
This must go! for, on the seal,
When I saw the solemn yew,
Keener was the pang than steel—
'T was a heart-string snapt in two!

This—'t is his who seem'd to be
High as heaven and true as light;
But the visor rose; and he—
Spare, O, mercy! spare the sight
Of the face that frown'd beneath—
While I take it, hand and name,
And entwine it with a wreath
Of the purifying flame!

These—the hand is in the grave,
And the soul is in the skies,
Whence *they* came!—'t is pain to save
Cold remains of sunder'd ties!
Go together, all, and burn,
Once the treasures of my heart!
Still my breast shall be an urn
To preserve your better part!

MISS GOULD.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold !
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb !

Untimely gone ! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red,
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smiled.

Alas ! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart whose goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And 'dust to dust' the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne !
Vanish'd for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu !

Fair with my first ideas twined,
Thine image oft will meet my mind ;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head
Before we dwell among the dead !
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye !
What deaths we suffer ere we die !
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more.

No after friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days ;
And near the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies a vernal flower ;
And love the blossom of an hour ;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Versed in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart begins to beat !
The blood runs cold at interest's call :—
The look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely nature is expell'd,
And friendship is romantic held ;
Then prudence comes with hundred eyes :—
The veil is rent : the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last ;
The era of enchantment's past ;
The wild romance of life is done :
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more ;
And ill the banquet is supplied
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods ! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old ;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor nature yield to frigid art !

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Though doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn ;
And still the friendly face appear,
Though moisten'd with a tender tear.

LOGAN.

WHAT SHALL I BRING THEE, MOTHER?

"I require nothing of thee," said a mother to her innocent son, when bidding him farewell, "but that you will bring me back your present countenance."—*Lavater*.

"WHAT shall I bring to thee, mother mine?

What shall I bring to thee?

Shall I bring thee jewels, that burn and shine
In the depths of the shadowy sea?

Shall I bring the garland a hero wears,
By the wondering world entwined,
Whose leaves can cover a thousand cares,
And smile o'er a clouded mind?

Shall I bring the deep and sacred stores
Of knowledge, the high and free,
That thrills the heart on the hallow'd shores
Of classic Italy?"

"What are jewels, my boy, to me?
Thou art the gem I prize!
And the richest spot in that fearful sea,
Will be where thy vessel flies!

The wreath, the hero loves, is won,
By the life-blood of the brave,
And his brow must lose, ere it wear the crown,
The smile that mercy gave!

Dearly earn'd is the volume's wealth,
That opes to the lamp at night,
While the fairer ray of hope and health
Goes out by the sickly light.

Bring me that innocent brow, my boy!
Bring me that shadowless eye!
Bring me the tone of tender joy,
That breathes in thy last 'good bye!'"

ANON.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amused,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abused

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it, more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.

Be still superior to your sex's arts,
 Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts :
 For you, the plainest is the wisest rule :
A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

* * * * * * *

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great :
 A woman's noblest station is retreat :
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man ambition's task resign :
 'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine ;
 To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
 Or dare the rage of envy and be great.
 One only care your gentle breasts should move,
 Th' important business of your life is love :
 To this great point direct your constant aim,
 This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd ;
 With caution choose ; but then be fondly kind.
 The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
 Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven ;
 Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless :
 The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unmask'd may own a well-placed flame ;
 Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
 Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
 Short is the period of insulting power :
 Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour ;
 Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
 And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.

Bless'd is the maid, and worthy to be bless'd,
 Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,
 Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
 And asks no power but that of pleasing most :

Here is the bliss, in just return, to prove
 The honest warmth of undissembled love ;
 For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
 And gratitude forbid desire to change.

But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
 And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
 Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
 That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied :
 Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
 If angry Fortune on their union frown :
 Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
 And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
 Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
 With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain ;
 And that fond love which should afford relief,
 Does but increase the anguish of their grief :
 While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
 Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.

* * * * *

E'en in the happiest choice, where favouring heaven
 Has equal love and easy fortune given,
 Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done :
 The prize of happiness must still be won :
 And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
 The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost ;
 The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure* ;
They and the *Virtues meeting* must *secure*.

Let e'en your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
 Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderness*.
 From kind concern about his weal or woe,
 Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
 The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
 Make it your pride his servant to appear :
 Endearing thus the common acts of life,
 The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife* ;
 And wrinkled age shall unobserved come on,
 Before his eyes perceive one beauty gone :

E'en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing which to you I give.

LYTTELTON.

ON THE MORAL ADVANTAGES OF A WELL- FORMED IMAGINATION.

. WHAT though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze

Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasures only : for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight : her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers ?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons : all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine : he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan ;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

AKENSIDE.

ON TASTE.

WHAT then is taste, but these internal powers,
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture, can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky;—full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart;
How lovely! how commanding! but though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,

When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs
 All on the margin of some flowery stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men !

AKENSIDE.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

In thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
 With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
 Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
 Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in heaven itself displays
 Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
 Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
 And shed their light on minds like yours below.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
 Shines in her turn, and claims the second place ;
 She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
 And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
 Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds ;
 And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
 The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal
 laws.

From heaven this scale of virtue thus descends
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

HUGHES.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR SPIRIT, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to thee !

DRYDEN.

F A S H I O N.

FASHION, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue,
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.

COWPER.

F I D E L I T Y.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts, fading away !

Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou
art,

Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine myself verdantly still!
It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

MOORE.

A WIFE'S DEFENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

THAT's false! a truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast. I would not change
My exiled, persecuted, mangled husband,
Oppress'd but not disgraced, crush'd, overwhelm'd,
Alive, or dead, for prince or paladin
In story or in fable, with a world
To back his suit. Dishonour'd!—he dishonour'd!
I tell thee, doge, 't is Venice is dishonour'd.

BYRON.

LOVE.

SHE that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for the mind;
She must be that which she to the world would
seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem:
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart,
Than all the crook'd subtleties of art.

BUCKINGHAM.

FLATTERY ADDRESSED TO A GREAT POET.

THERE are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir! you have an eye!
Go on, obliging creature, make me see,
All that disgraced my betters, met in me;
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal Maro held his head;
And when I die, be sure you let me know,
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

POPE.

L I F E.

LIKE to the falling of a star:
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the star is shot;
The flight is past; and man forgot.

BISHOP KING.

L I F E A N D D E A T H.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being,
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;

Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with the greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away ;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life.

JOHNSON.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

Oh ! thou, whose garment is the light,
Whose throne the vaulted sky,
Who spread the curtains of the night,
And hung the stars on high :

Thou, at whose word Creation rose,
In all its bright array ;
Though for our eyes no radiance glows,
No living waters play ;

We waft the music of our hearts
In gratitude to thee ;
For all the beams thy love imparts
Our minds can clearly see !

We see thee in thy sacred truth,
In inspiration told ;
We see thy hand direct our youth,
And lead us weak and old.

We see thee on our mental eye
The light of science pour,
And for such blessings humbly try
To worship and adore.

Oh ! Father, hear our feeble hymn—
Behold us while we pray—
And pierce these helpless orbs, so dim,
With thy celestial ray !

BENJAMIN.

TO A LADY.

IN thee alone, my brightest, fairest, best !
My wandering heart seeks refuge like the dove ;
Bearing the olive branch of peace and love,
To find sweet shelter in its ark of rest ;
My flight has been wide o'er the angry wave,
Nor bower nor tree nor mantling wine was there ;
But, like rich pearls deep in some ocean cave,
Were hidden all things beautiful and fair.
Send me not forth again ! though the blue sky
Smile o'er the emerald garniture of Earth,
Leaves, buds and roses spring once more to birth,
And on the air float songs of melody ;
Still to its resting-place, that dove would flee—
Angel of beauty, shall it dwell with thee ?

BENJAMIN.

ROMANCE OF CID RAMON.

I REMEMBER thee, Granada !
Cid Ramon spurr'd his good steed fast,
His thousand score were near ;
And from Sevilla's walls aghast,
The watchmen fled with fear :
For Afric's Emir lay around,
The town was leaguer'd sore,
And king Mohammed wept with shame
To be a king no more.

I remember thee, Granada !

The Emir's powers were round and nigh,
Like locusts on the sward ;
And when Cid Ramon spurr'd his steed,
They struck him fast and hard.
“But,” quoth the Cid, “a knight am I,
With crucifix and spear ;
And for Mohanmed ride I on,
And for his daughter dear.”—

I remember thee, Granada !

“Cheer up, dark king, and wail no more,
Let tears no longer flow;
Of Christian men a thousand score
Have I to smite thy foe.
The king Alfonso greets thee well:
Kiss thou the cross, and pray;
And ere thou say'st the Ave o'er,
The Emir I will slay.”
I remember thee, Granada!

“Or let the African be slain,
Or let the Emir slay,
I will not kiss the cross of Christ,
Nor to his Mother pray.
A camel-driver will I live,
With Yussef for my lord,
Or ere I kiss the Christian's cross,
To win the Christian's sword.”
I remember thee, Granada!

“Mohammed, now thou griev'st me much—
Alfonso is my king:
But let Suleya kiss the cross,
And let her wear the ring.
The crucifix the bride shall bear,
Her lord shall couch the spear;
And still I'll smite thy foe for thee,
And for thy daughter dear.”
I remember thee, Granada!

Then up Suleya rose, and spoke,—
“I love Cid Ramon well;
But not to win his heart or sword,
Will I my faith compel.
With Yussef, cruel though he be,
A bond-maid will I rove,
Or ere I kiss the Christian's cross,
To win the Christian's love.”
I remember thee, Granada!

“Suleya! now thou grieveest me much—
A thousand score have I;
But, saving for a Christian's life,
They dare not strike or die.
Alfonso is my king, and thus
Commands my king to me:
But, for that Christian, *all* shall strike,
If my true love she be.”
I remember thee, Granada!

“Ill loves the love, who, ere he loves,
Demands a sacrifice:
Who serves myself, must serve my sire,
And serve without a price.
Let Yussef come with sword and spear,
To fetter and to rend;
I choose me yet a Moorish foe
Before a Christian friend!”—
I remember thee, Granada!

“Ill loves the love, who pins his love
Upon a point of creed;
And balances in selfish doubt,
At such a time of need.
His heart is loosed, his hands untied,
And he shall yet be free
To wear the cross, and break the ring,
Who will not die for me!”
I remember thee, Granada!

The Emir's cry went up to heaven:
Cid Ramon rode away—
“Ye may not fight, my thousand score,
For Christian friend to-day.
But tell the king, I bide his hest,
Albeit my heart be sore;
Of all his troops, I give but *one*
To perish for the Moor.”
I remember thee, Granada!

The Emir's cry went up to heaven;
His howling hosts came on;
Down fell Sevilla's tottering walls,—
The thousand score were gone.
And at the palace-gate, in blood,
The Arab Emir raves;
He sat upon Mohammed's throne,
And look'd upon his slaves.
I remember thee, Granada!

"The lives of all that faithful be,
This good day, will I spare;
But woe betide or kings or boors,
That currish Christians are!"—
Up rode Cid Ramon bleeding fast;
The princess wept to see;—
"No cross was kiss'd, no prayer was said,
But still I die for thee!"
I remember thee, Granada!

The Moorish maid she kiss'd the cross,
She knelt upon her knee;—
"I kiss the cross, I say the prayer,
Because thou diest for me.
To buy thy thousand score of swords,
I would not give my faith;
But now I take the good cross up,
To follow thee in death."
I remember thee, Granada!

"Holy Maria! Come to us,
And take us to the blest;
In the true blood of love and faith,
Receive us to thy rest!"—
The Emir struck in bitter wrath,
Sharp fell the Arab blade;
And Mary took the Cid to heaven,
And bless'd the Christian maid.
I remember thee, Granada!

DR. BIRD.

MEMORY.

BUT ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen but with fresh tenderness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it could fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
bound;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many! yet
how few!

BYRON.

MIDNIGHT.

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and, oh, how awfully
Into the deep and tranquil firmament

The summits of Anseva rise serene !
 The watchman on the battlements partakes
 The stillness of the solemn hour, and feels
 The silence of the earth ; the endless sound
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
 Which in the brightest moonlight well-nigh quench'd
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence
 Toward eternity the attemper'd mind ;
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
 And to the virgin mother silently
 Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

SOUTHEY.

PRAYER.

O THOU, that holdest in thy spacious hands
 The destinies of men ! whose eye surveys
 Their various actions ! Thou, whose temple stands
 Above all temples ! Thou, whom all men praise !
 Of good the author ! Thou, whose wisdom sways
 The universe ! all bounteous ! grant to me
 Tranquillity, and health, and length of days ;
 Good will towards all, and reverence unto Thee ;
 Allowance for man's failings, and of my own
 The knowledge ; and the power to conquer all
 Those evil things to which we are too prone—
 Malice, hate, envy—all that ill we call.
 To me a blameless life, Great Spirit, grant,
 Nor burden'd with much care, nor narrow'd by much
 want.

WORSHIP.

METHINKS it is not strange then, that I fled
 The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
 My temple, at the foot of some old oak,

Watching the little tribes that had their world
Within its mossy bark ; or laid me down
Beside the rivulet, whose murmuring
Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm
Whose light edged shadows on the bedded sand
Mirror'd their many sports ; the insect hum,
The flow of waters, and the song of birds,
Making a holy music to mine ear :
Oh ! was it strange, if for such scenes as these,
Such deep devoutness, such intense delight
Of quiet adoration, I forsook
The house of worship ?

SOUTHEY.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright ;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all.

A. HILL.

THE NUN.

FROM SEBASTIAN, A TALE.

The Lady-lover of Sebastian (who is affianced to his sister)
takes the veil in despair—the picture is exquisite.

In the low echoes of the anthem's close
The murmurs of a distant chorus rose.
A portal open'd ; in its shadow stood
A sable pomp, the hallow'd sisterhood.
They led a white-robed form, young, delicate,
Where life's delicious spring was opening yet ;

Yet was she stately, and, as up the isle
She moved her proud, pale lip, half wore a smile:
Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,
Saw on its lash the glistening of a tear.
All to Sidonia's passing daughter bow'd,
And she return'd it gravely, like one vow'd
To loftier things. But once she paused, and press'd
With quick, strange force, her slight hand to her
breast,
And her wan cheek was redden'd with a glow
That spread its crimson to her forehead's snow,
As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak
Their stings upon young hearts about to break:
She struggled—sigh'd; her look of agony
Was calm'd, and she was at Sidonia's knee.
Her father's chasing tears upon her fell;
His gentle heart abhorr'd the convent cell;
Even now he bade her pause. She look'd to Heaven;
One long, wild pressure to his cheek was given,
Her pale lip quiver'd, would not say, "farewell!"
The bell gave one deep toll—it seem'd her knell;
She started, strove his strong embrace to sever,
Then rush'd within the gate that shuts for ever.
The final, fatal rite was duly done,
The tress was shorn, the sable veil put on,
That shades like night the day of hope and youth—
The golden ring was given, the pledge of truth,
That bound on earth, grows firmer in the grave.

The affianced Bride of Sebastian, however, accidentally perishes, and Sebastian rushes to the field of battle to divert the melancholy of his thoughts. In various parts he is haunted by a fair half-visionary Pursuer, with whom he becomes deeply enamoured. At a masquerade, his Enchantress appears as a Moor, and sings. The effect which the fair stranger's singing produces on Sebastian, is thus beautifully described.

"Sebastian wander'd forth; the garden air
Rush'd on his cheek, nor cool'd the fever there:
He gasp'd for breath. A sparry fountain shot
Its waters in the moonlight; by its grot

He stood, as if the sounds his heart would lull :
His face so sad, so pale, so beautiful,
Fix'd on the moon, that in her zenith height
Pour'd on his naked brow a flood of light ;
Shrined, moveless, silent, in the splendid beam,
He look'd the marble Genius of the stream.
Silence all round: but when the night-wind sway'd,
Or some roused bird dash'd fluttering through the
 shade,

For those he had no ear; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one whelming thought ;
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breathed but one mighty dream—that dream was
 love.

Sebastian had seen beauty, and his name
Had lighted many a lady's cheek with flame.
Rich, high-born, graceful: such may woo and win,
While courteous words conceal the chill within.
But with the warrior burning in his blood,
He left the fair pursuers unpursued:
Bound to Sidonia's daughter from his birth,
Laugh'd at the little tyrant of the earth ;
Could talk, as others talk, of hope and fear,
But never gave the god a sigh or tear.
But now the world was changed, the die was cast !
How had he slept so long, to wake at last ?
What hid the feelings that now shook his soul ?
Where was the cloud that gave the thunder roll !
This, this was life, at last he waked in light,
The veil of years was rent before his sight.
'T was not her beauty, though the loveliest there
Was lifeless, soulless, featureless to her ;
No, nor her melting voice, nor that slight hand
That her sweet harp with such swift beauty fann'd,
Like magic's silver sceptre, hovering,
To wake enchantment from the untouch'd string.
Had he not seen that face before ? But where ?
He knew not ; 't was like music to his ear,
Familiar, but forgotten, frenzy all !
She was a Moor ; nay, could he now recall

The features that had madden'd him? Not one.
 All was a flash of splendour, dazzling, gone;
 A haze of matchless beauty on his eye,
 A sense confused, a vision, witchery.

* * * * *

Nature was charm'd to him. He could have talk'd
 With every star that in its glory walk'd;
 Hope had put life in all unliving things:
 He hung above the fountain's rippling springs,
 And heard them echo joy; the bud unbranch'd
 'That his light pressure on the streamlet launch'd
 Bounded in joy; his deep and burning sigh
 Rose through the vine-leaves, that gave sweet reply.
 A sudden meteor sail'd across the Heaven,
 He hail'd its sign; to him, to him 't was given,
 Omen of joy: bright promise of bright years,
 "Let fear and folly have their 'vale of tears,'
 Let him be blest with that unequall'd one,
 Whoe'er she was, she should, she must be won;
 Life would roll on, one calm and blossom'd spring:
 But, *if the tempest came, they would but cling
 With arms and hearts the closer, till 't was o'er;
 Life a long joy, and death a pang no more.*"
 Out burst in speech the lover's ecstasy,
 A sudden bugle pierced the morning sky.
 He started from his dream. The yellow dawn
 Wander'd along night's borders, like the fawn,
 First venturing from its dappled mother's side—
 A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
 Then bolder tried again. The starlight died!

CROLY.

YOUTH.

Oh! the joy
 Of young ideas painted on the mind,
 In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
 On objects not yet known, when all is new,
 And all is lovely.

HANNAH MORE.

RETIREMENT.

BUT grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone;
Our bolder talents in full life display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

POPE.

WOMAN.

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race
To rear the graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:—
This be the female dignity and praise.

THOMSON.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

From the Spanish of Luis Baylon.

HARK, friends, it strikes! the year's last hour:
A solemn sound to hear:
Come, fill the cup, and let us pour
Our blessings on the parting year.

The years that were, the dim, the gray,
Receive this night, with choral hymn,
A sister shade as lost as they,
And soon to be as gray and dim.
Fill high: she brought us both of weal and woe,
And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round
Old Time pursues his way:
Groves bud and blossom, and the ground
Expects in peace her yellow prey:
The oak's broad leaf the rose's bloom,
Together fall, together lie;
And undistinguish'd in the tomb,
Howe'er they lived, are all that die.
Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,
To the same sleep go shorn and wither'd down.

How short the rapid months appear,
Since round this board we met
To welcome in the infant year,
Whose star hath now for ever set!
Alas! as round this board I look,
I think on more than I behold,
For glossy curls in gladness shook
That night, that now are damp and cold.
For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,
Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank heaven, no seer unblest am I,
Before the time to tell,
When moons as brief once more go by,
For whom this cup again shall swell.
The hoary mower strides apace,
Nor crops alone the ripen'd ear;
And we may miss the merriest face
Among us, 'gainst another year.
Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,
And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not : being is not breath :
 'Tis fate that friends must part,
But God will bless in life, in death,
 The noble soul, the gentle heart.
So deeds be just and words be true,
 We need not shrink from Nature's rule ;
The tomb, so dark to mortal view,
 Is heaven's own blessed vestibule ;
And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,
Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

J. G. LOCKHART.

THE EAR-RINGS.

O, my ear-rings, my ear-rings ;
 'Twas thus a maiden sung,
A fair and lovely maiden,
 With a gentle northern tongue ;
O, my ear-rings, my ear-rings,
 I've dropt them in the well,
And what to say to my true love,
 I cannot, cannot tell ;
The tittering damsels, as I go,
 They say both free and loud,
Young William gave these ear-rings,
 And Miss may well be proud—
He gave to her these ear-rings,
 Her sallow neck to touch
A little with their lustre,
 And her beauty needs it much.
My love gave me those costly rings,
 My plighted vow to keep,
And there they glitter in the well,
 I wot three fathom deep ;
He gave to me these splendid gems,
 To sparkle on my neck,
And there they lie—my heart is stone,
 Else it would surely break.

I wore them at the market,
In the dance they threw a spell
On all the lads who saw them,
And my looks became them well.
My love gave me these precious rings,
And gave me, little loth,
At parting, such a heart-warm kiss,
'T was richly worth them both.
A kiss, alas! is but a touch,
The rings no more will shine
Around me in their glory,
And my love will ne'er be mine.
J. G. LOCKHART.

FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Grace is deceitful, and beauty vain.—*Solomon.*

OH, say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign!
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

Your *harem* beauties resign! resign
Their lascivious dance, their voluptuous song!
To your *garden* come forth, among things divine,
And own you do grace and beauty wrong.

Is beauty vain because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light
vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

But earth's green mantle, prank'd with flowers,
Is the couch where life with joy reposes;
And heaven gives down, with its light and showers
To regale them, fruits; to deck them, roses.

And while opening flowers in such beauty spread,
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing,
Say not, O king, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

This willow's limbs, as they bend in the breeze,
The dimpled face of the pool to kiss;
Who, that has eyes and a heart, but sees
That there is beauty and grace in this!

And do not these boughs all whisper of Him,
Whose smile is the light that in green arrays them;
Who sitteth, in peace, on the wave they skim,
And whose breath is the gentle wind that sways
them?

And are not the beauty and grace of youth,
Like those of this willow, the work of love?
Do they not come, like the voice of truth,
That is heard all around us here from above?

Then say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign!
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

PIERPONT.

THE EAR OF CORN AND THE POPPY.

OVER the fertile far-spread plain,
Like billows of the sea,
The undulating harvest waved
In rich luxuriance.

And haughtily its stately crest
A ripen'd ear upraised;
As, gaily flaunting to the sun,
Its golden glories blazed.

Swoll'n with the pride of conscious worth,
It mark'd, with tossing head,
A poppy, rising by its side,
Its vermeil petals spread :

And with its sharp and stridulous awns,
Goading its tender breast ;
In hoarse and scornful accents thus
The blooming flower address.

“ Oh, symbol thou of sluggishness !
To whose dark juice a prey—
Victims alike, the strongest mind
And stoutest frame give way.

Thou of lethargic torpors sire,
Which o'er the senses creep,
And freeze them—such their potency—
In fix'd and death-like sleep :

How dost thou dare near me to spring,
In Ceres' wide domain—
Me, who with needful food do still
Man's toiling race sustain ?”

To whom the poppy tranquil thus :—
“ Dear sister, spurn me not :
But venerate the high behests,
That rule man's chequer'd lot.

Of his exhausting labours thou
The staff, the solace I :
Thus seems dread Providence to speak,
Which placed us twain so nigh :

*Mortals, no more with thankless wail,
O'er human sorrows weep ;
Since yours are still, of Nature's boon,
Twin blessings—bread and sleep.*

WRANGHAM.

THE SPANISH MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE "MARVEL OF PERU."

"The Marvel of Peru" unfolds its leaves at sunset, and blooms through the night. There are a great variety of other beautiful flowers within the tropics which have this peculiarity; but in the West Indies, the blossoms of "the Marvel of Peru" are objects of regard to children, from the circumstance of the seeds being strung for necklaces; intermingled with gold beads, their dark, rough, oval-forms have a very agreeable effect. With the French colonists this flower has received the poetical appellation of "La belle de nuit" (the beauty of the night.)

WAKE up from thy sunset bower,
Spread thy leaves, my pretty flower!
Spread thy leaves, unclosethine eyes,
For the silver moon doth rise,
And the golden stars are coming,
And the beetle's at his humming,
And the moth is from his bed,
And the cricket from his shed,
And the fire-fly comes to roam
With his lantern-light from home,
Briskly wandering here and there,
Up and down, and everywhere,
Whispering to each flower he sees,
"What a night, without a breeze!"

Though the winds be sunk to rest
With the day-light in the west,
And no dew the night-air yields
To refresh the wither'd fields,—
Yet beside this roof of leaves,
Where the rose its lattice weaves,
And the starry jasmines be,
Is a sweet cool home for thee;
There each coming eve I bring
Water from the crystal spring,

Showering on thy flow'ret curls
Glittering gems and silver pearls,
Twinkling 'mid those leaves of thine,
Bright as stars seem when they shine.

Our Panchita,* when she dresses
With sweet blooms her raven tresses,
Bids me cull of every hue
Flowers that feed on midnight dew,
Those that never close their eyes
To the bright moon in the skies.
Blossoms blue, and red, and white,
I've plucked for a wreath to-night—
Severing flowers that twine each other,
As a sister clasps a brother;
'These ere morn must wither'd be,
So I gather none from thee,
But untouch'd through night's still noon,
Leave thy sweet flowers to the moon.

Wake, then, from thy sunset bower,
Spread thy leaves, my pretty flower!
Spread thy leaves, unclosethine eyes,
For the silver moon doth rise,
And the golden stars are coming,
And the beetle's at his humming,
And the moth is from his bed,
And the cricket from his shed,
And the fire-fly comes to roam
With his lantern-light from home,
Briskly wandering here and there,
Up and down, and everywhere,
Whispering to each flower he sees,
"What a night, without a breeze!"

ANON.

* Panchita, the familiar name for Francisca. The Spanish ladies of America dress their hair in the evening with natural flowers.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

———A union in partition;—

Two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I SAW them first one summer's day,
Within their father's bowers,
Wreathing each other's auburn locks
With fragrant leaves and flowers:—
They were too frail and beautiful,
For this dark world of ours.

Twin sisters were they—having each
The same rich auburn hair;
The same bright eyes—and coral lips,
And gay smiles lurking there;
The same slight form, and silver voice:—
They were a lovely pair!

Two stars in the calm depths of heaven,
Might well resemble them;
Two snow-white lambs upon the lea;
Two rose buds on one stem;
Two pure and precious jewels, set
In the same diadem.

They were together night and day
Through all their early years—
Had the same fancies, feelings, thoughts,
Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears;
They had a fellowship of smiles,
A fellowship of tears.

If *one* were gay, through *both* their hearts
The tide of rapture rush'd;
If *one* were sad, the voice of joy
In *both* their hearts was hush'd;
Yea, all their thoughts and sympathies
From the same fountain gush'd.

They had no separate interests,
Affecting *one* alone ;
To them mistrust and selfishness
Were utterly unknown ;
Their hearts were two sweet instruments,
Alike in every tone.

I saw them first one summer's day,
(They were but six years old,)
Wreathing each other's hair with flowers—
Crimson, and blue, and gold ;
And finding in their hues and scents,
A store of wealth untold.

And then, in childish waywardness,
They left the flowers to die ;
And round and round the garden, chased
A gorgeous butterfly ;
Oh, what a happy shout they raised
When it soar'd into the sky !

And then they talk'd of future days—
And here they check'd their pace,
And spake in low and earnest tones,
And with an earnest face ;
Until another butterfly
Recall'd them to the chase.

At length they sate them down to rest,
In a bower of cypress trees ;
And placed a "pretty story-book"
Before them on their knees :
And they read an old, sad melody,
Till their hearts were ill at ease.

And sadness settled like a cloud,
Where smiles were wont to brood ;
And in their bright and laughing eyes
The tears of pity stood ;
And they looked in each other's face, and said,
"*Poor children in the wood !*"

They were happy all the summer's day ;
But happier far at night,
When they knelt to say their evening prayers,
With spirits pure and light,
And the father and mother kiss'd their babes:—
It was a blessed sight!

The morrow—I was far away,
Musing with many fears,
How those fair creatures would be changed,
In ten or twenty years;
And I thought about their sweet "*good night*,"
Till my heart was moved to tears!

ANON.

THE MORNING SONG.

I.

OH, come ! for the lily
Is white on the lea ;
Oh, come ! for the wood-doves
Are pair'd on the tree :
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet ;
The thrush pours its ditty,
Loud, varied, and sweet :
We will go where the twin-hares
'Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

II.

Oh, come ! hear the throstle
Invites you aloud ;
And soft comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud :

The stream lifts its voice,
And yon lily's begun
To open its lips
And drink dew in the sun :
The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen !

III.

Oh, haste ! for the shepherd
Hath waken'd his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blackberry's ripe :
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme ;
The gay maiden's liting
An old bridal-rhyme :
There is joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

BRIGHT rose the sun o'er Jordan's plain,
And on her cities seem'd to bend,
His last fond looks—the tuneful strain
Of myriad birds, sang of their end ;
Yet they, unconscious, met the while,
With sinful rites, that morning's smile.

Far off, the walls of Sodom gleam'd
Soft through the rosy-tinted air,
Distant and noiseless, as she dream'd
Of pageants new, and pleasures rare ;
And nearer still, Gomorrah stood,
Bathed in the morning's golden flood.

Her priests were out—the lengthen'd line
Of soldiers, chariots, pagans proud,
Were moving to the Idol's shrine,
'Neath which their haughty souls had bow'd,
And as they march'd, the timbrels rang,
And loud and louder grew their clang.

'T was their last march—the morning light
Shone on Gomorrah's proudest then,
On Priest, on altar, heathen rite,
And the assembled host of men ;
But ere the sacrifice was made,
Altar and priest in dust were laid.

The wrathful sky was rent in twain,
Then leap'd the pent-up lightning down,
It quiver'd round the unholy fane,
And dash'd its altar to the ground ;
When all was wrapp'd in darker night,
Than chaos ere creation's light.

And in the blackness fell a shower,
Where one might think that Sodom lay,
Far off it fell, and lit each tower
And battlement with light of day ;
While from Gomorrah's loftiest spires,
Watch'd many a one the "sea of fires."

The storm roll'd on o'er Jordan's plain,
Despair then seized the pagan host,
When fast the drops of molten rain
Were on their sacred temples tost ;
They'd seen dread Sodom's fate : their own
To other watchers soon was known.

The earth grown weary of its load,
These awful pyres shook as a brand,
Then sank, that Asphaltites flood
Might hide them from the quaking land :
And as they sank, her poison'd waves,
Were covering for the cities' graves.

When rose the moon on that drear night,
It shone not on the cities, flush'd
With pleasure and with sin—its light
Fell on the Dead Sea dark and hush'd;
Heaven's awful vengeance then was o'er;
And Jordan's Cities were no more.

ANON.

THE WINDS.

WE come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forest, or fan the flower;
When the harebell moves, and the rush is bent;
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent;
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we; but can ye trace
The wandering Winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh—
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music ærial—still, 't is we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand ;
 We come and we go at his command.
 Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
 His will is our guide, and we look not back :
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
 Or win us in gentlest airs to play,
 Then lift up your hearts to him who binds
 Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds !

MISS GOULD.

DISSENSION.

ALAS ! how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love ?
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity !

A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin ;

And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said,
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,

As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

MOORE.

REAL SORROWS.

'T is not the loud, obstreperous grief,
That rudely clamours for relief—
'T is not the querulous lament,
In which impatience seeks a vent :
'T is not the soft pathetic style,
Which aims our pity to beguile ;
That can to truth's keen eye impart
The 'real sorrows' of the heart !
No!—'t is the tear in secret shed
Upon the starving infant's head ;
The sigh that will not be repress'd,
Breathed on the faithful partner's breast :
The bursting heart, the imploring eye,
To heaven upraised in agony,
With starts of desultory prayer,
While hope is quenched in despair ;
The throbbing temple's burning pain,
While frenzy's fiend usurps the brain ;
These are traits no art can borrow,
Of genuine suffering and of sorrow !

ANON.

DREAMS.

Our life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy :
'They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
'They take a weight from off our waking toils,
'They do divide our being ; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
'They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak

Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain :
They make us what we are not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? what are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

BYRON.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

—— WHO, when naught is heard around
But the great ocean's solemn sound,
Feels not as if the eternal God
Were speaking in that dread abode ?
An answering voice seems kindly given,
From the multitude of stars in heaven :
And oft a smile of moonlight fair
To perfect peace has changed despair.
Low as we are, we blend our fate
With things so beautifully great ;
And, though oppress'd with heaviest grief,
From nature's bliss we draw relief,
Assured that God's most gracious eye
Beholds us in our misery,
And sends mild sound and lovely sight,
To change that misery to delight.

WILSON.

MEMORY.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its roses I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly
they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from the flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.
Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year,
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

MOORE.

A CHURCHYARD SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverent step, from stone to stone
In a small village churchyard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move—
And as we read the names unknown,
Of young and old, to judgment gone,
And hear, in the calm air above,
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!

Such is the scene around me now :—
A little churchyard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill ;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly, here, is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill ;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And, yet, the sweetest of the sweet !—
The stillest of the still !

With what a pensive beauty fall
Across the mossy mouldering wall
That rose-tree's cluster'd arches ! See
The robin-redbreast, warily,
Bright through the blossoms leave his nest :
Sweet ingrate ! through the winter blest
At the firesides of men—but shy
Through all the many summer hours,—
He hides himself among the flowers
In his own wild festivity.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool,
Hangs half the darken'd churchyard o'er,
From thy green depths, so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore !
Oft hath the lowly wine and bread,
Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent ;
Where many a bright and hoary head,
Bow'd at that awful sacrament.
Now all beneath the turf are laid,
On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.
Above that consecrated tree
Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven, with all its dreams !—
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heaved bosom's purple gleams
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song,—half bliss, half woe,—
The voice so lonely seems !

WILSON.

RURAL LIFE.

COME, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale;
Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail
Of first or second childhood: while below
The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
Like a sweet under-song, which in its flow
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
Its border;—strawberry of the wilderness;
The star-like daisy; violet brightly blue;
Pale Primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
Glistens till noontide's languid, listless hour;
And last of all, and sweetest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's banks
Up through yon quiet valley; thou wilt trace
Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,
Of bald and varied outline; little space
Below their summits, far above their base
Umbrageous woods: and last of all, thine eye
Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place
Of happy human beings; and descry
The lowly temple where they worship the Most
High.

How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of gray and mossy stone!
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Its guardian gather'd,—graves, or tombstones
strown,

Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,
Who, living, loved it as a holy spot ;
And, dying, made their deep attachment shown
By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
That so their turf, or stone, might keep them un-
forgot !

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,
Approaching unto eventide ; and all
Is still except that streamlet's placid tune,
Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's call,
Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,
Which feathers, half-way up, each hill's steep side :
Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing thrall ;
And wish, if not within its bowers t' abide,
At least to explore its haunts, and know what joys
they hide ?

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury
Than in its depths, delighted, thou might'st share ;
I will not say that naught of agony,
Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,
For man is born to suffer and to bear :—
But could I go with thee, from cot to cot,
And show thee how this valley's inmates fare,
Thou might'st confess, to live in such a spot,
And die there in old age, were no unlovely lot.

BARTON.

LAKE LEMAN.

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from distraction : once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

BYRON.

OH! SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

OH! say not 't were a keener blow
To lose a child of riper years,
You cannot feel a mother's woe,
You cannot dry a mother's tears;
The girl who rears a sickly plant,
Or cherishes a wounded dove,
Will love them most, while most they want
The watchfulness of love!

Time *must* have changed that fair young brow!
Time *might* have changed that spotless heart!
Years *might* have taught deceit—but now
In love's confiding dawn—we part!
Ere pain or grief had wrought decay,
My babe is cradled in the tomb;
Like some fair blossom torn away
Before its perfect bloom.

With thoughts of peril and of storm,
We see a bark first touch the wave;
But distant seems the whirlwind's form,
As distant as an infant's grave!
Though all is calm, that beauteous ship
Must brave the whirlwind's rudest breath;
Though all is calm, that infant's lip
Must meet the kiss of Death!

T. H. BAILEY.

A REMEMBERED FACE.

AH there!—and comest thou thus again—
Thou phantom of delight?
How oft, in hours of lonely pain,
Thou risest on my sight!
Since last we met, what suns have known
Their rising and decline!
But none of all those suns have shown
A fairer face than thine.

'Tis many a year since I look'd on
Those meek and loving eyes;
And thousands since have come and gone,
Like meteors through the skies.
But thine—they often come to me,
With lustre so benign,
Though memory of all others flee,
'T will make but dearer thine.

As not alone, the gorgeous arch
Rear'd in heaven's summer dome,
Gleams proudly on its silent march,
And heralds good to come,
But leaves, where'er its glory pass'd,
A fragrancy divine,*
So freshly on my soul is cast
The odorous light of thine.

Then welcome to my lonely hours,
Thou visionary thing,
Come with thy coronal of flowers,
Flowers of a vanish'd spring.
For gleeful souls let others roam,
But, till life's cords untwine,
In my heart's depth shall find a home
That pensive face of thine.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

ST. VALERIE.

RAISED on the rocky barriers of the sea,
Stands thy dark convent, fair St. Valerie!
Lone like an eagle's nest, the pine-trees tall
Throw their long shadows on the heavy wall,

* "The ancients," says Lord Bacon, in his "Ten Centuries of Natural History," "believed that where the rainbow rested it left a delicate and heavenly odour."

Where never sound is heard, save the wild sweep
Of mountain waters rushing to the deep,
The tempest's midnight song, the battle-cry
Of warring winds, like armies met on high,
And in a silent hour the convent chime,
And sometimes, at the quiet evening time
A vesper song—those tones, so pure, so sweet,
When airs of earth and words of heaven do meet!
Sad is the legend of that young Saint's doom!
When the Spring Rose was in its May of bloom,
The storm was darkening; at that sweet hour
When hands beloved had rear'd her nuptial bower,
The pestilence came o'er the land, and he

With whom her heart was, died that very morn—
Her bridal morn! Alas, that there should be

Such evils ever for affection born!

She shrank away from earth, and solitude

Is the sole refuge for the heart's worst pain;

Life had no ties,—she turn'd her unto heaven,

And on the steep rock rear'd her holy fane.

It has an air of sadness, as just meet

For the so broken heart's last lone retreat!—

A portrait here has still preserved each charm:

I saw it one bright evening, when the warm

Last glow of sunset shed its crimson ray

Over the lovely image. She was fair

As those most radiant spirits of the air

Whose life is amid flowers; like the day,

The golden summer day, her glossy hair

Fell o'er a brow of Indian ivory;

Her cheek was pale, and in her large dark eye

There was a thought of sorrow, and her brow

Upon one small snow hand lean'd pensively,

As if to hide her tears;—the other press'd

A silver crucifix upon her breast.

I ne'er saw sadness touching as in thee

And thy lorn look, oh fair ST. VALERIE!

MISS LANDON.

STANZAS.

THEY say that the light of her eyes is gone,
That her voice is low, and her cheek is wan;
That her looks are sad, and strange, and wild,
Yet meek as the looks of a sinless child.

For the melting glance of her soft blue eye
Is chill'd by cold insanity;
And the beauty that her bright form wore,
Is the shrine of a living soul no more.

And her words discourse not music sent
From reason's govern'd instrument;
But, borne by her troubled fancies, stray
Like notes of the harp which the wild winds play.

I would not look on her alter'd brow,
Nor her eye, so dim and soulless now;
I would not view her pale, pale cheek,
Nor hear her, in her madness, speak;

Nor see her smile, she knows not why,
While her tears flow down unmeaningly;
Nor her vacant gaze, the piteous token
Of a brain o'erwrought, and a young heart broken.

No—on these things I would not look,
For the brightest gift in Fortune's book;
For she was join'd with the fairest things
That rose in my youth's imaginings.

And oh! how oft have I turn'd away
From a brighter eye and a cheek more gay,
That my soul might drink, to sweet excess,
The light of her pensive loveliness.

But her languid eye shall charm no more,—
Her smiles and her tears—they are nearly o'er;
For fond hopes lost, and her heart o'erladen,
Have crush'd, in her bloom, the guiltless maiden.

ANON.

N A T U R E.

I LOVE to set me on some steep
That overhangs the billowy deep,
And hear the waters roar;
I love to see the big waves fly,
And swell their bosoms to the sky,
Then burst upon the shore.

I love, when seated on its brow,
To look o'er all the world below,
And eye the distant vale;
From thence to see the waving corn
With yellow hue the hills adorn,
And bend before the gale.

I love far downward to behold
The shepherd with his bleating fold,
And hear the tinkling sound
Of little bell and mellow flute,
Wafted on zephyrs soft, now mute,
Then swell in echoes round.

I love to range the valleys too,
And towering hills from thence to view
Which rear their heads on high,
When naught beside, around, is seen
But one extended space between,
And overhead the sky.

I love to see, at close of day,
Spread o'er the hills the sun's broad ray,
While rolling down the west;
When every cloud in rich attire,
And half the sky, that seems on fire,
In purple robes is dress'd.

I love, when evening veils the day,
And Luna shines with silver ray,
To cast a glance around,

And see ten thousand worlds of light
Shine, ever new, and ever bright,
O'er the vast vault profound.

I love to let wild fancy stray,
And walk the spangled Milky Way,
Up to the shining height,
Where thousand thousand burning rays
Mingle in one eternal blaze,
And charm the ravish'd sight.

I love from thence to take my flight,
Far downward on the beams of light,
And reach my native plain,
Just as the flaming orb of day
Drives night, and mists, and shades away,
And cheers the world again.

ANON.

ON MUSIC.

Yes, Music hath the key of Memory ;
And thoughts and visions buried deep and long,
Come, at the summons of its sweetness, nigh.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key,
That opes the gates to Memory,
Oft in the wildest simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early Youth,
Love—in its first deep hour of truth—
And dreams of Life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the Enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one ;
And calls back moments—brief as dear—
When last 't was wafted on his ear!

The exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among ;
And straightway on his visions rise
Hope's sunny slopes and cloudless skies !

The Warrior, from the strife retired,
By Music's stirring strains inspired,
'Turns him to deeds of glory done,
'To dangers 'scaped, and battles won !

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dreams of banish'd years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gate of Memory ;

'Tis thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smile of Mirth away ;
Joy's sparkling eye in tears to steep,
Yet bid the mourner cease to weep !

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute ;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own !

A. A. WATTS.

THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the shower clears off from heaven.
Her beauty woke,—a sudden beam of soul
Flash'd from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

ANON.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

MY NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ROGERS.

AFTER THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE drawing-room is over, and I have seen the
king!

I'm very sure my head is turn'd, and won't come
right this spring:

I positively can't take off my feathers and my train,
I never look'd so well before, and never may again.

I heard a lady to a lord complaining of the crowd,
And say, "What common people come!—I wonder
they're allow'd!"

Of course that wasn't meant for *me*, though father
did sell cheese;

Since brother made a noble match, I'll go there when
I please.

And I was ornamented too, nobody look'd so fine,
I did not see one gown or train that look'd the least
like mine;

I'm sure I had more colours on, than anybody there,
Green, red, and yellow mingled, and blue feathers in
my hair.

Then some one came and took my train, and spread
it out behind,

Just as a peacock spreads his tail; I thought it very
kind:

And seeing 't was a nice young man, dress'd out in
gold and blue,

I said, "I thank you kindly, sir—I'd do as much for
you."

They led me to his majesty—I thought I would have
dropp'd,

He held his hand out *friendly like*, and kiss'd me
when I stopp'd;

And there the king and I were standing, face to face
together,
I said, "How is your majesty?—it's mighty pleasant
weather."

And then the people push'd me on! I did n't half like
that—
I'm sure the king had half a mind to bid me stop and
chat;
But looking on, I saw the queen! I'm sure I hope and
trust
She did n't see the king kiss me! and yet I think she
must.

I curtsy'd to her majesty, the proper thing to do,
And seeing ladies standing round, I curtsy'd to them
too;
I honour maids of honour so, I wish'd to be polite,
And the queen and all the ladies smiled, which proved
that I was right.

I knew (though ne'er at court before!) well what I
was about—
Of course I did not turn my back, but tried to sidle
out;
But walking, I tripp'd up and fell—(they make their
trains so big!)
And, catching at the first thing near, pull'd off a lady's
wig!

And then I fainted dead away!—a dreadful thing to
do—
Until I found myself at home, no earthly thing I
knew!
I've graced a court! indeed I'll add by way of being
witty,
'T was in a court that father lived—a back court in
the city!

BAYLEY.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

WAS I right, or was I not?

The age exact I cannot tell,
But 't was sometime in teens, I wot,
That I came out a dashing belle.
My mother call'd me "harebrain'd chit,"
But that I needed ne'er a jot,
For little Miss *must* flirt a bit,
Was I right, or was I not?

Away I sparkled in the ring;
And soon was known as false and fair:
Oh! 't is a dear delightful thing
When first we make a swain despair.
There was young Frederick all on fire,
Who vow'd and swore—I know not what—
Of course I left him to expire.
Was I right, or was I not?

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,
When all cried out "what have you done!"
For, sure enough, I loved the lad:
But who'd take up with number one?
So *vive l'amour!* I gaily cried,
And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,—
For I'd a hundred sparks beside.
Was I right, or was I not?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill:
Lovers and friends I went on winning,
What will you have? I flirted still,—
Because I flirted at beginning.
A long gay train I led away;
Young Cupid sure was in the plot;
I thought the spell would last for aye:—
Was I right, or was I not?

But now 't is come into my head
 That I must grow discreet and sage,
 For there are hints my charms have fled,
 And I approach "a certain age."
 So the next offer—that's my plan—
 I'll nail, decisive on the spot;
 'Tis time that I'd secured my man.
 Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"
 The looks of all the men say "No."
 Who would have thought 't would come to this?
 But mother says, "I told you so!"
 Friends, lovers, dangles, now are gone:
 Not one is left of all the lot,
 And I'm a "maiden all forlorn!"
 Is it right, or is it not?

ANON.

THE DYING SPEECH OF FALIERO.

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,
 Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
 Ye elements! in which to be resolved
 I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
 Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
 Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
 And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
 To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
 Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,
 Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
 Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
 Reek up to Heaven! Ye skies which will receive
 it!
 Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and
 Thou!
 Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—attest:

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and her's for ever:—Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then, when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his!
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity:
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of King's Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adultress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,
Despised by cowards for still greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As, in the monstrous grasp of their conception,
Defy all codes to image or to name them;

Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
 All thine inheritance shall be her shame,
 Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
 A wider proverb for worse prostitution ;—
 When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling thee,
 Vice without splendour, sin without relief
 Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
 But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,
 Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
 Depraving nature's frailty to an art ;—
 When these and more are heavy on thee, when
 Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
 Youth without honour, age without respect,
 Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
 'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not
 murmur,
 Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts ;
 Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
 Amidst thy many murders, think of mine !
 'Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes !
 Gehenna of the waters ! thou sea Sodom !
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods !
 Thee and thy serpent seed !

Slave, do thine office ;
 Strike as I struck the foe ! strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants ! Strike deep as my curse !
 Strike—and but once !

BYRON.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
 run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or in a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
they ?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies :
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

VENICE.

—OH! for a Brutus in these later years,
To burst the heavier bond his country wears!
Oh! for a Tully with the silver tongue!
And oh, Venusia! that thy harp were strung
One hour, to tell her sons the spell that lies
In the deep azure of Italian skies!

And where art thou, with all thy songs and smiles,
Thou dream-like city of the hundred isles?
Thy marble columns, and thy princely halls,
Thy merry masques, and moonlight carnivals;
Thy weeping myrtles, and thy orange bowers,
Thy lulling fountains, 'mid ambrosial flowers;
The cloudless beauty of thy deep-blue skies,
Thy star-light serenades to ladies' eyes;
Thy lion, looking o'er the Adrian sea,
Defiance to the world, and power to thee!—
That pageant of the sunny waves is gone,
Her glory lives on memory's page alone;
It flashes still in Shakspeare's living lay,
And Otway's song has snatch'd it from decay;
But ah! her Chian steeds of brass no more
May lord it proudly over sea and shore;
Nor ducal sovereigns launch upon the tide,
To win the Adriatic for their bride;
Hush'd is the music of her gondoliers,
And fled her glory of a thousand years;
And Tasso's spirit round her seems to sigh,
In every Adrian gale that wanders by!

T. K. HERVEY.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

THE noon-day sun is riding high,
Along the calm and cloudless sky;
The mantle of its gorgeous glow
Floats sleepily o'er all below;

And heaven and earth are brightly gay
Beneath the universal ray:—
But not a wandering sunbeam falls
Within these high and hallow'd walls,
Which echo back my lonely tread,
Like solemn answers from the dead;
—The murmurs steal along the nave,
And die above—my sister's grave!
'Tis evening—still I linger here;
Yet sorrow speaks not in a tear!
The silence is so sadly deep,
The place so pure, I dare not weep:
I sit as in a shapeless dream,
Where all is changing, save its theme;
And, if a sigh will sometimes heave
A heart that loves, but may not grieve,
It seems as though the spirits round
Sent back reproachfully the sound;
And then I start—and think I have
A chiding from my sister's grave!

The feeling is a nameless one
With which I sit upon thy stone,
And read the tale I dare not breathe,
Of blighted hope that sleeps beneath.
A simple tablet bears above
Brief record of a father's love,
And hints, in language yet more brief,
The story of a father's grief:
Around, the night-breeze sadly plays
With scutcheons of the elder days;
And faded banners dimly wave
On high—right o'er my sister's grave!

Lost spirit!—thine was not a breast
To struggle vainly after rest;
Thou wert not made to bear the strife,
Nor labour through the storms of life;
Thy heart was in too warm a mould
To mingle with the dull and cold;

And every thought that wrong'd thy truth
Fell like a blight upon thy youth:
Thou shouldst have been, for thy distress,
Less pure, and oh! more passionless;
For sorrow's wasting mildew gave
Thy beauty to my sister's grave.

But all thy griefs, my girl! are o'er,—
Thy fair blue eyes shall weep no more;
'Tis sweet to know thy fragile form
Lies safe from every future storm:
Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom
'That gathers round the peaceful tomb,
I love to see the lightning stream
Along thy stone, with fitful gleam,
To fancy in each flash are given
Thy spirit's visitings from heaven;
And smile—to hear the tempest rave
Above my sister's quiet grave!

T. K. HERVEY.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

My God, I love and I adore!
But souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand, unseen, sustains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls:
The starry arch proclaims thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower:
In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy painted wonders to our eyes;
While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes.
The meanest pin in Nature's frame
Marks out some letter of thy name.

Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

But are his footsteps all that we,
Poor grovelling worms, must know or see ?
Thou maker of my vital frame !
Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name,
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast form'd the language hear.
Where is thy residence ? Oh ! why
Dost thou avoid my searching eye,
My longing sense ? Thou Great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne ?
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The Power that gives me leave to be.

Or, art thou all diffused abroad
Through boundless space, a present God,
Unseen, unheard, yet ever near !
What shall I do to find thee here ?
Is there not some mysterious art
To feel thy presence at my heart ?
To hear thy whispers soft and kind,
In holy silence of the mind ?
Then rest my thoughts ; nor longer roam
In quest of joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh ! thy beams of warmest love ;
Sure they were made for worlds above.
How shall my soul her powers extend,
Beyond where Time and Nature end,
To reach those heights, thy best abode,
And meet thy kindest smiles, my God ?
What shall I do ? I wait thy call ;
Pronounce the word, my life, my all.

Oh, for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning star!
Fain would I trace th' immortal way
That leads to courts of endless day,
Where the Creator stands confess'd,
In his own fairest glories dress'd.
Some shining spirit help me rise,
Come, waft a stranger through the skies;
Bless'd Jesus, meet me on the road,
First offspring of th' Eternal God!
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
Clothe me with vestures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

WATTS.

THE END



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